MAINE FARMER.

AGRICULTURE MECHANIC ARTS GENERAL INTELLIGENCE &c.

VOL. XVIII. AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 26, 1850. NO. 52.

Our Home, our Country, our Brother Man.

Hints upon some New Varieties of Sweet Corn, and its Culture.

The present season is more congenial to the enjoying of corn that has already been raised and garnered up, than to the planting and rearing of it: nevertheless, if it is a good maxim of olden time that in time of peace we should prepare for war, it is a much better and wiser one that in time of winter we should prepare for spring, and it will not therefore become amiss for us to store up in the mind, occasionally, such hints as will aid us in our practical operations, when we take the field in the spring.

The Editor of the Working Farmer, in his last number, has some ideas in regard to some varieties of corn not common among us, and also in regard to cultivation, which are rather new to us, and we therefore propose to abstract pretty freely from his article, in order to spread the knowledge more extensively, and if he should chance to be *teased* for some seed corn, he will please send us a few kernels in *payment* for the additional trouble which our thus copying his article has occasioned.

The variety which is new to us he calls Stowell's Sweet Corn, and is a garden variety which he says may be kept in a state fit to boil the year round. "It is every way," says he, "superior to any other we have seen, for after being pulled from the ground, the stalks may be placed in a dry, cool place, free from moisture, frost, or violent currents of air, (to prevent drying,) and the grains will remain full and milky for many months. Or the ears may be pulled in August, and by tying a string loosely around the small end, to prevent the husks from drying away from the ears, they may be laid on shelves and kept moist and suitable for boiling, for a year or more.

This corn is a hybrid between the Menomony soft corn and the Northern Sugar corn, and was first grown by Mr. Nathan Stowell, of Burlington, N. J. We purchased from Mr. S. a number of ears dried for seed, and he presented us with a few ears surrounded by the husks, grown the previous summer—the inner leaves of the husks of which, and the corn and cob, were in as green a state as when pulled the previous August. Near the close of the late Fair of the American Institute, I presented the managers with two ears pulled in August, 1849, and twelve ears pulled in August, 1850. They were boiled and served up together, and appeared to be alike, and equal to corn fresh from the garden.

The ears are larger than the usual sweet corn, and contain twelve rows. To save the seed, it is necessary to place them in strong currents of air, freed from most of the husks, and assisted slightly by fire heat, when nearly dry. In damp places this corn soon moulds and becomes worthless. The seed, when dry, is but little thicker than writing paper, but it is a sure grower. The stalks are very sweet and valuable as fodder." The seed may be procured from Mr. Stowell, or from Prof. Mapes, editor of the Working Farmer.

Prof. Mapes recommends the following mode of cultivating this and other varieties of corn. In exposed situations, he plants the hills four feet apart. The roots of corn, he states, will grow five and a half feet long. When the corn is three inches high, run a small subsoil plough, with the flat side toward the corn, and three inches from it, to as great a depth as the nature of the soil and the strength of the team used will permit, passing up one side of the row and down the other side. The subsoil plough will make a deep, narrow cut in the soil, say one and a half inches wide, with a slight forcing off of the soil from the corn at the surface.

In addition to the general broad-cast manuring of the soil, sow into this subsoil cut a small quantity of the compost mentioned below; then with a cultivator, set the proper width between the rows, run through the broad space, and repeat this two or three times during the early stage of the growth. If the rows are planted alike, use the plough and cultivator both ways.

The manure recommended above, Prof. Mapes combines as follows: Supposing the soil to be in fair heart for usual crops, then the following will be found to be fully efficient:

Spread broad-cast the usual quantity of stable manure, and plow it deeply under; then apply the following mixture to the surface, and cross-plough to a lesser depth, or work it in with a cultivator.

Common salt, previously decomposed by three times its bulk of quicklime,	6 bush.
Scrapings of potash ware-houses, (we suppose common potash is better, Ed.)	20 lbs.
Refuse Epsom salt, (sulphate of magnesia,)	100 lbs.
Bone dust previously treated with Sulphuric acid,	2 bush.
Plaster of Paris,	½ bush.
Peruvian Guano,	100 lbs.
Charcoal dust, or decomposed peat or swamp muck,	10 bush.

This, he says, will cost seven dollars and twenty-five cents, and will equal in effective force for corn, fifteen half cords of barn yard manure. One quarter of the above quantity may be reserved to put in the drills made by the subsoil plough. When this mixture is not at hand, poudrette, bone dust, and wood ashes, will be found of value."

We have thus given you the principal part of Prof. Mapes' article on this variety of corn and its culture. In our next number we will give you an account of another variety of sweet corn for garden culture.

Cough Drops. Elihu Burritt says that the best *cough drops* for young ladies, are obtained by *dropping* the practice of dressing thin when they go out in the night air.

Nothing is more frightful than active ignorance.

The Carrot and the Parsnip.

The editor of the Working Farmer, in introducing an article from a foreign journal, makes the following practical remarks on the cultivation of the carrot and the parsnip:

"We have raised as large crops as the writer states can be raised in England, but not in poor soil, nor with light manuring: after adding the missing constituents of the crop to the soil of an inorganic character, we have found an additional dose of Peruvian guano and charcoal as indispensable for full success. Night soil well composted with decomposed muck, and a slight addition of bone dust and common salt added, acts equally well on clayey loams, which we prefer for both these crops to soils strictly sandy.

Nor have we found them easy crops to raise, for unless we drilled in long scarlet radish seed with those of carrots or parsnips, we have not always had them to germinate. The quick growth of the radish marks the rows, so that the weeds may be early removed with the horse hoe, while the tops of the radishes shade the light seeds of the carrot or parsnip from the too great heat of the sun, and thus prevent weeds from growing in the rows too rapidly for the carrots; the long tap root of the radish brings up more moisture than is required for its own sustenance and supports the carrot, while the pulling of the radishes is the best cultivation for the carrot or parsnip, loosening the ground and permitting the easy entrance of atmosphere and consequent deposition of moisture. When the radishes are not wanted, cut off their tops with a sickle and their decay will supply nutriment for the remaining crop We also dissent from the opinion that carrots are not proper food for horses which are very hard worked, for as we have before stated, the *pectic acid* contained in carrots gelatinises any fluids in the stomach of the horse, and thus renders it easily digestible. One bushel of carrots with one bushel of oats, will be found equal to two bushels of oats for a horse, and our livery stable keepers are fast learning the truth of this practice. Horses are never troubled with *heaves* while carrots form a part of their daily food."

We copy the following paragraphs from the article in the Farmer's Magazine, to which allusion is had above:

"The carrot and the parsnip, more particularly the former, are a very, if not the most, important substitute for the potato. Their nutritious quality, their easy cultivation, and their capability of growing upon inferior soils, render them important auxiliaries to the garden of the laborer, and to the farm of the agriculturist. The former will find them a nutritious winter vegetable for himself and family, while he will find they admit of the same wide application as the potato, in affording the most nutritious vegetable food for pigs and cows. Both carrots and parsnips, when given to cows, produce a milk of a quantity and quality unsurpassed by any other winter food, and the butter is of a fine yellow hue, and wholly free from that disagreeable flavor which renders butter made from the milk of cows fed on turnips so very disagreeable to the epicure.

Cattle fatten as well on carrots as on potatoes. They are as valuable food for horses, particularly for colts, and for those that are not very hard worked, and are required to be brought into selling condition. And when we consider the wide application of this root, we can but wonder why it has not been more generally cultivated upon the wide tracts of light sands and loams that are admirably adapted for its cultivation; and can only find a reason in the fact that carrot and parsnip growing is not generally understood by farmers, or that they are considered (when compared with turnips) to be difficult and expensive crops.

Where broadcast sowing is adopted, and where the carrots or parsnips are sown upon foul land, the cultivation becomes expensive; but when grown upon favorable soil, and under judicious management, there is no other root-crop that gives so good a return for the outlay, or that leaves the soil in so good a mechanical state for the growth of the following crop. The long root of the carrot or parsnip penetrates the subsoil, and not only exerts a mechanical influence, but derives its food from a greater depth than most other plants, and thus leaves the surface soil to accumulate the fertilizing ingredients that are required for other crops.

The produce varies from 500 to 1,300 bushels, or from 10 to 26 tons per acre, exclusive of tops. With ordinary management, a crop of carrots should never be less than 500 bushels. The great art is the obtaining a plant, and the subsequent cleaning from weeds: when these are effectually performed, the battle is won. A thin plant should be ploughed up, for the expenses are nearly as great upon a crop of 5 tons as upon one of 25; and there is always time for turnips."

Improvement in Tanning.

We have, we believe, before alluded to an alleged improvement in the process of tanning, which, it is asserted, will revolotionize the business. Whether it will prove, on further trial, to be really a valuable improvement, and adapted to common use, we are unable to say. At the late Fair of the Ohio State Agricultural Society, specimens of leather, tanned by the new process, were exhibited. The Ohio Statesman says that "Mr. Ansel Frost, of Rochester, New York, created more sensation in the minds of all true lovers of science and improvement, than any other person on the ground, by exhibiting specimens of tanned leather, in whole sides, and made up into boots, shoes, gloves, &c., which were tanned in the almost incredibly short period of ten minutes, by a process discovered by his fellow townsman, Mr. Harmon Hibbard. By this mode of tanning, a composition is prepared that acts directly and rapidly upon the grease; &c., in the skin, opening its pores, and preparing it at once for the tanner, which being a part of the constituent property of the composition, passes instantly into the skin, and there unites with the gelatine at once, all of which is done as if by magic, making stronger, softer, and more valuable leather than can be produced by the old methods, and at a much less cost. Hides or skins of all kinds may be tanned with the hair, wool or fur on, with equal facility. Sheep skins, by this process, it is said, will compete successfully with calf skins tanned by the usual method. It certainly does appear, from all the evidence furnished, that this new discovery is destined to work an entire revolution in the business of the manufacture of leather."

Written for the Maine Farmer.

Queries Answered.

Editor of the Maine Farmer—*Dear Sir*: Having a leisure hour at my disposal, I know not how I can employ it better than to answer the following important questions, in which I feel a deep interest, propounded by one of your correspondents:

1. What properties has the soil in New York and the Western States, of which ours is destitute?

2. Is there anything that will cause our land to produce a crop of wheat for one or more years in that abundance that western soil produces it?

3. It is said that lime is a valuable manure for wheat. How and in what quantities should it be applied?

4. Is it profitable to spread lime in large quantities upon ground intended for wheat or any other crop, either before or after ploughing?

S. C. T.

1. "What properties has the soil in New York and the Western States, of which ours is destitute?"

Allusion is doubtless made to the soil of Western New York, so celebrated as a wheat growing region. Having resided there more than a quarter of a century, and made the study of soils an important part of my profession, I will attempt to explain, in a popular way, the reasons why Monroe county, in which Rochester is situated, grows about a million and a half bushels of wheat a year, and several other counties do as well, according to area. One farmer in Niagara harvested 185 bushels on three acres, the past season; and in Monroe county another wheat grower did about as well, his crop exceeding sixty bushels on a single acre, when cut, threshed, and measured by his neighbors. Before striking into the "bowels of the soil," as Jethro Tull would say, permit me to suggest that the parent rocks from which the tilled lands of Scotland were mostly derived, are not unlike those in which most of the soils of Maine had their origin.—Scotland, by the aid of science, now produces crops of wheat much larger, on an average, than any grown in this country. Her climate may be better than yours,—of that matter I am not prepared to speak.

In a geological and agricultural point of view, there is a strongly marked difference in the soils of New England, eastern New York and Pennsylvania, and all the Atlantic States south to Alabama, and those lying west of the Allegany mountains. From Maine to Alabama, one finds, with few exceptions, soft well and spring water, igneous or plutonic rocks, (i. e. rocks formed by the cooling of melted matter,) and soils which, in their best estate, will not bear cropping without exhaustion, like those in the valley of the Genesee, Canada West, and Michigan. The last named are by no means proof against deterioration by bad husbandry, but they can endure more of it, without serious injury, than the granitic soils of the Eastern, Middle and Southern States.

If we take 100 ounces of dried wheat, and carefully burn the grain, we get from 2 to 2½ ounces of a white ash. The composition of this incombustible substance is not uniform; if the wheat has a thick silicious cuticle or bran, more flint or silica will be found in the ash. If it is poor in gluten or protein compounds, it will yield less phosphates. Making due allowance for variations of this kind, the following figures are near the mean result of sixty analyses of the ash of wheat, made by Prof. Way, in the Royal Agricultural College of England:

Phosphoric Acid,	44 per cent.
Potash,	32
Magnesia,	11
Sulphuric Acid,	3
Lime,	4
Soda,	2
Silica,	2
Chlorine,	1
Peroxide of Iron,	1
	100

The great advantage of lime in wheat soils appears to be, not in supplying this mineral as aliment to the growing plants, but in its chemical agency to separate phosphoric acid from its common and known combinations with alumina and iron, in which condition it is worthless in vegetable economy. So long as this not abundant acid exists as a phosphate of alumina or iron, tillage and the presence of lime in the soil will form bone earth; but when the supply of phosphoric acid is exhausted, no application of lime alone can give a crop of grain. In a similar way the sulphates of iron and alumina, (copper and alum,) are decomposed by lime, and gypsum is formed; but when the compounds of the oil of vitriol become exhausted, then lime forms no more gypsum. About one-third of the ash of wheat is pure potash, and in that of potatoes one-half is composed of this alkali. Soils that have a fair quantity of phosphates, sulphates and chlorides of potash, lime, magnesia, and soda, naturally produce plants rich in nitrogen; which, decaying to form mould, yield a fair supply of *ammonia* for the growth of many crops of wheat. The alkalies, potash and soda; the alkaline earths, lime and magnesia; and carbonic acid, all promote the solution of silica (flint) in rain water.—The acids and bases named, when united, form salts; and all the rocks in Western New York, and most of those in the Western States, were made by sedimentary deposits, or precipitations, in the bed of a salt ocean, which abounded in living animals and plants, whose remains are still abundantly visible. That the atoms of these once organised beings should be admirably adapted to feed plants and animals, in our day, is no more remarkable than the fact that 100 pounds of corn fed to a pig yield manure enough to produce an equal quantity of grain again. Without stopping to consider any of the reasons why ocean-formed rocks and soils more abound in the elements of fertility than do granitic rocks and soils, I want to make the reader understand why guano is the agricultural cream of the great deep; and why 100 pounds of this dung of sea-birds often produce 300 of wheat, or 600 of corn, when the best article is used.

Sea-birds subsist mostly on fish of various kinds, and other food rich in nitrogen and phosphates. Hence their excrements, which are the *ash* of the substances consumed, contain little beside uric acid, potash, lime and soda; the carbon and elements of water contained in their food being mainly discharged through the organs of respiration into the air. Were we to take 100 pounds of wheat, and separate all the carbon (charcoal) and elements of water, (oxygen and hydrogen,) in the grain, we should have less than 5 pounds left, which would be composed of about equal parts of nitrogen and incombustible earth. While the farmers of Maine have as much water and charcoal in their land and atmosphere as the wheat-growers of Genesee have in theirs, the soil "Down East" lacks guano, or the fertilizing atoms contained in fat oysters. The dealers in guano, in this District, (Columbia,) have sold $60,000 worth to the farmers in Maryland and Virginia, within the last year; and those that have used it longest buy the most.

It is a noticeable fact that the first message which contains the word "manure," is that of a farmer's son, born and reared in Western New York, where the Genesee Farmer has been published twenty-two years. Congress has printed for gratuitous distribution 500,000 volumes on agriculture, since Henry L. Ellsworth set an example that may yet give him a national statue.

Just now Virginia farmers are paying large sums of money for the raw material with which to manufacture breadstuffs for consumption in Maine; and I confess one object I have in writing this letter, is to learn, from head quarters, what use is made of the fertilizers contained in the two or three million bushels of corn and wheat, whether in meal, flour or grain, and in all the provisions annually sent into that State? A Yankee, I believe, is permitted to ask as many questions as he answers. Now, when guano sells freely at $50 a ton, in the capital of this Republic, I protest against the waste of any of this precious commodity, after its ammonia, potash and phosphoric acid have gone to a land so poor as to compel the inhabitants to import their bread. Your soil must be poorer than any in Georgia, or a barrel of flour will yield nightsoil enough to produce five bushels of wheat, or eight of corn. How to deodorize and concentrate this home made guano, so that three or four dollars worth can be put up in a barrel, is a matter of considerable importance.

But my hour is up, and I will say to "S. C. T.," use a little lime, and often, rather than large doses at distant times. When you have a coat of grass, clover or weeds to turn under, sow lime before plowing; if not, sow or spread after plowing, and harrow immediately.

Agricultural Desk, *Patent Office*.
Washington, *Dec.* 16, 1850.

Bacon Hams. Among the many articles for which premiums were offered at the late Fair and Show of the Maryland State Agricultural Society were hams.

The directions accompanying the hams which received the first premium, we find, according the American Farmer, to be as follows: To every 100 lbs. of pork, take 8 lbs. ground alum salt,* 2 oz. salipetre, 2 lbs. brown sugar, 1½ oz. potash, and four gallons of water. Mix the above, and pour the brine over the meat after it has laid in the tub two days. Let the hams remain six weeks in brine, and then be dried several days before smoking. The meat should be perfectly cool before packing.

* We suppose Turk's Island salt is as good as any. Ed.

Grafting old Apple Trees.

Some persons, I have noticed, in grafting old trees put in as many scions at one time as they think the tree ought to have. The next year they trim off all the original branches and leave the bare limbs with one year's growth of the scions at the ends. This causes a rapid growth of the scions, rendering them liable to be broken off by the wind, and as they cannot take up all the nourishment furnished by the roots, shoots start out all over the trees which from their number are very troublesome. Thomas's American Fruit Culturist shows a better way, which is, to begin at the top and graft a third of the tree a year till it is completed. This does not throw all the nourishment of the tree up to the scions at once; and they start better, from not being shaded by the foliage above them, when the top is grafted first. From the same source we learn, that "instead of cutting off large branches and grafting them at once, it is better to prune the top in part which will cause an emission of vigorous shoots which may be grafted with ease and success." I have seen trees that had begun to decay, grafted on the old branches and the failure showed the folly of such work. [Albany Cultivator.

Hints for the season. Cattle need more attention in the first of winter than in January. Calves in particular, that are unused to feeding on hay must have attention; they should have rowen, or the most fine and tender hay that is cut on the farm. Calves need something to keep the bowels free. Turnips, carrots, and parsnips are all good for this purpose. If you have roots enough and rowen enough you will not need to give meal to store calves.

Cows that are expected to give milk in winter must be kept warm. As to feed, husks are good; oats, cut when green, produce more milk than the best kind of hay. Clover hay that was made early produces more milk than fine English. Let cows lie warm, and dry, and clean, when milk is expected of them.

Cast up all your accounts now in these long evenings. Be ready to settle with all neighbors before January, and then begin anew. Old accounts are never handed up with pleasure. They often prove as crabbed as old cider. Never let them be till they become rusty. Settle every year whether you have the cash on hand or not. Settle and adjust all matters annually while you may recollect all the circumstances attending the several items. This is the best way to prevent lawsuits and to drive lawyers to school-keeping or some other business.

[Massachusetts Ploughman.

The Gutta Percha Trade. This trade has very rapidly increased in importance. Previous to 1844, the name was unknown to European commerce. In that year two hundred weight of it were shipped as an experiment from Singapore. The trade increased till, in the first seven months of 1849, about a million of pounds were exported. The value shipped in the first four and a half years from Singapore, was $274,100. In the course of three and a half years, 270,000 gutta taban trees were cut down, in order to get the gum.

Wood Leaves for Manure.

Mr. Freas,—It should be the aim of every farmer to increase, as far as practicable, the quantity of his manure. This he may accomplish to a considerable extent, by industriously availing himself of the various refuse or waste matters that are produced in the fields and forests. The aquatic plants, so abundantly thrown up from swampy lands such as flags, rushes, &c., and the brakes and ferns of the forests, as well as the leaves of deciduous trees, all make excellent manure, and when decomposed, act with salutary energy upon the soil and crop. Leaves are generally abundant in the autumn, but the most favorable time for their accumulation is the spring. They are then in a compact form, and being moistened and compressed by the consolidating action of the winter's snows, may be handled much more easily, than in the fall when they are light and dry, and moving with every wind. But should the farmer have time, it would be an excellent practice to gather a few cart-fulls in autumn, store them away in some convenient place, and use them during winter as litter for his stock. They could easily be kept from the solid excrement, and thrown into some sheltered place where they could be removed in the spring to the compost heap. A little gypsum sprinkled daily in the stalls, will render the absorption of urine, and the retention of its ammoniacal products, much more easy, and give to the leaves a value which they otherwise would not possess. Enough should be gathered, if possible, not only to supply litter in the stables and cow-houses, but to furnish bedding for the sheep and swine. They are much preferable to straw for this purpose, and beside, the straw of a farmer ought always to be converted to a more valuable use. It should be chaffed, mixed with rasped roots or corn and cob meal, crushed together, and given to them as food, instead of being used as bedding.

But where the object is to fill the yards, with some absorbent, decomposable material to supply the place, or increase the quantity of simple manure, the labor of accumulation can no doubt be much more easily and economically effected in the spring. On examining the ground, in a thick and heavy forest, you will find it overlaid with several strata of fallen foliage, all in different stages of decomposition or decay. These strata are the products of many years, the nature of the leaf, and the remarkably cool and sheltered position they occupy, rendering the decomposition of fibrous matter extremely slow. Only the bottom layer, cast, perhaps many years ago, will be found to be reduced to mould, the upper or superior strata, being changed in color, but not in form. In removing them the fine mould should be taken with the leaves; it is already an excellent manure, and when conveyed to the yards adds greatly to the value of the alimentary matter there accumulated, be its nature what it may.

There are also, in every wood lot, large quantities of rotten wood, an article that readily becomes excellent manure when mixed with urine and excrement. This should be taken along with the leaves, and the yards filled to the depth of several feet with it or with leaves, rotted wood, green vegetable matter from the swamps and pastures, loam and muck. In this way you will be able, at small cost, greatly to augment your stercoracious resources, and supply yourself with an article at once energetic and valuable. Hundreds of loads of manure, might in this way be made annually on every farm. All that is necessary is industry; nature has liberally provided the means, and an unproductive farm is a thing that need never be seen in a land like ours. Many farmers seem to suppose that the only manure proper for the support of growing crops, is that which is voided by animals. What reasoning can be more fallacious! The hay an animal consumes, could it be reduced to its original primitive constituents or elements, without passing the three stomachs of the ox, or the one stomach of the horse, would be far more valuable, ton for ton, than it is when masticated and deprived of the great part of its alimentary matters by digestion. Yet some appear to think this process necessary, nay, indispensible to convert vegetable matters into manure. It is a law of nature that every substance that has sprung from, and been perfected by or in the soil, shall again contribute to the production and perfection of other vegetable beings. No matter what may be the process, this must and will be the ultimate result. The leaf that falls silently in the forest, decays in time, and yields its constituents again to the tree from which it fell. The grass in the pastures, by decaying on the surface, ensures the production of a future crop. So throughout nature, this reciprocity of action, so perfect and admirable in its action and accuracy, is never interrupted. The worthless rush may be rendered a salutary food for the valuable cereals, and so on through nature; what is in itself valueless, may be made the means of producing that which is not only intrinsically valuable; but essential to the happiness and life of man. But it is not necessary to dwell here upon the fallacy that all vegetable matters, in order to become good manure, must first pass the stomach of the cow or horse. The most perunctory glance into the laboratory of nature, will dispel this illusion. And now, Mr. Editor, allow me, in conclusion, to express the hope that every farmer who is in the habit of complaining of a "scacity of manure," and who has crops to feed, will avail himself at once of the many and varied sources which nature holds to his industry and zeal. Let him work for his crops, and they, in return will work well for him.

[Germantown Telegraph.

Education of Farmers. Farmers often complain that they are deficient in education. For this there is no necessity. Let them support and improve good common schools. Let them avail themselves of the other means of mental improvement within their reach, and they will acquire an education adequate for any occasion they will be called to meet; and they will hold an elevation in society held by no other class of men. It is known that they have a large amount of leisure. Let this be spent in the cultivation of thier minds—in laying up stores of knowledge.

[Blake's Farmers' Every-Day Book.

Currency. The currency of the world is stated by Thompson, in his Reporter, to be nearly as follows:—"Bank currency, $650,000,000; specie in circulation, $655,000,000; specie in banks, $455,000,000."

Hints for Farmers.

The following valuable hints, some of which may now be a little out of season, we find going the rounds of the papers without credit. If we knew where the article originated, the proper credit would be given.

Fattening Hogs. You should daily inspect your pig pens, and see that the fattening hogs are regularly and faithfully attended to. There is no animal that suffers more from neglect than the hog; none that shows the evidence of attention and care more sensibly than it. If not fed at its usual hours, its outcries will, like a tell-tale as he ought to be under such circumstances, proclaim his neglect. If fed regularly and fully, he will retire to his bed, if he have one, as he ought to have, go to sleep, put on muscle and fat, and as a consequence, put on more pork for the meat tub. Interest then, as well as a better motive, concur to render it necessary, that the hogs should be fed whenever their feeding time arrives, be that what hour it may. Thrice a day is a good rule to give them their food by, and as often should they receive their drink of good clean water, the latter being essential to good digestion, which should ever "wait on appetite" indulged.

Charcoal and rotten wood should always be in their reach, so should a *rubling post*, to enable them to do their own scratching, and thus allay the irritation ever consequent upon high feeding.

Hogs fatten best in moderate weather, so that it is to the interest of the farmer to urge forward the process of fattening before the weather becomes intensely cold, in order that the corn he may give them shall be employed mainly in the formation of muscle and fat, and not be appropriated through the necessities of the animal, to keep his body warm. Moderate weather, and good warm beds, are great economics in hog-feeding.

Salt and *Ashes*, given thrice a week, tends very much to keep up the tone of a hog's stomach, while he may be gormandizing, besides which, this measure acts antagonistic to the kidney-worms, which are troublesome customers when not counteracted.

Milch Cows. Cows in milk should be liberally fed with rich, nutritious, succulent food, in addition to their long provender; they should have warm stabling, and plenty of litter; be combed and brushed down, be regularly watered before each meal; receive portions of the mixture of salt, ashes, and lime, and be permitted to sun themselves in the middle of the day. Thus treated they will liberally contribute in milk, cream, and butter, and reflect credit, by their appearance, upon their owners. The most unprofitable on a farm is a half-fed milch cow—among the most profitable is one generously fed and humanely cared for.

Young Cattle and Colts. Shelter and feed these well. Their food should be of good quality and have in it the elements of *bone, muscle* and *fat*. By this we don't mean that you should keep them in a state of obesity, but that you should so keep them as that they may at all times be in a growing state. To half feed young cattle, upon poor food, is the greatest mistake that a farmer ever made in barn-yard economy.

Working Horses and Oxen. Let the food of these be good, and enough of it: see *that they get what you allow them;* and that they get it at the right time, and in the right state; that they are curried and brushed down, regularly watered three times a day, receive three times a week 2 oz. of a mixture composed of equal parts of salt, ashes, and lime, and have good clean littered beds to rest their wearied limbs upon. When not at work, let them be slightly exercised, in good weather, daily. Standing in the stable, without such exercise, is apt to swell their legs, and otherwise injure their health.

Curing Provisions.

As this is the season of the year when farmers are engaged in packing their stores of meat, we offer the follwing recipes, the value of which we have proved by our own experience.

[Albany Cultivator.

Hams. The following mode of preparing hams we have practiced for several years, and can with confidence recommend it to others:—

For every one hundred pounds of meat take five pints of good molasses (or five pounds of brown sugar,) five ounces saltpetre, and eight pounds rock salt: add three gallons of water, and boil the ingredients over a gentle fire, skimming off the froth or scum as it rises. Continue the boiling till the salt, &c., is dissolved. Have the hams nicely cut and trimmed, packed in casks, with the shanks end down, as the pickle will thus strike in better. When the pickle, prepared as above is sufficiently cool, pour it over the hams. They may lie in pickle from two to six weeks, according to the size of the pieces of, or the state of the weather, more time being required in cold than in warm weather. Beef or mutton hams, intended for smoking and drying, may be cured according to this mode, and will be found excellent.

Much of the goodness of hams depends on smoking. They should be hung at such a distance from the fire as not to be heated. They should also be hung up with the shank end downwards, as this will prevent the escape of their juices by dropping. Small hams, wanted for immediate use, will answer with two weeks' smoking, but larger ones, and those wanted for keeping, should be smoked four weeks or more.

Different articles are used for smoking. Perhaps saw-dust from hard wood, where it can be conveniently had, is on the whole to be preferred. Corn cobs are said by some to make the "sweetest" smoke of anything. Chips of maple and hickory, or the small twigs and branches of those kinds of wood, do well.

Westphalia Hams. The following compound will give to any common ham the taste so much appreciated in that sold as Westphalia, and is recommended to them who prefer that flavor. In one hundred parts of water, dissolve four parts of salt, two parts of brown sugar, one part Barbadoes tar, and one part spirits of wine. After it has been well mixed, and stood for several days, three tablespoonsful may be mixed with the salt necessary to cure an ordinary ham.

Beef. The best pieces for corning are the plates, ribs, and briskets. Pack the pieces in casks, giving a very slight sprinkling of salt between each piece. Then cover the meat with a pickle, made by boiling together, in 4 gallons of water, 8 lbs. salt, 3 lbs. brown sugar, 3 oz. saltpetre, 1 oz. pearlash, for 100 lbs. meat. Keep a heavy flat stone on the meat, that it may be well immersed in the pickle. Beef packed in this manner will keep a year, and will rather improve than grow worse.

Another mode, recommended by a gentleman of long experience in the packing of beef and pork, is the following:—For 100 lbs. of beef, take 4 lbs. brown sugar, 4 oz. saltpetre, and 4 quarts fine Liverpool salt; mix all intimately together; and, in packing, sprinkle it evenly over the meat. Add *no* pickle. The dissolving of the salt, &c., with the juices of the meat, will be sufficient. Keep the meat closely pressed together by a good weight. We are assured that this is the best mode of packing beef that is intended for keeping over the summer, and that the quality of the meat is unexceptionably fine.

Clear Pork. For this we prefer clear salt and water. After having divided the hog, take off the shoulders and hams, and all the lean meat; cut the sides crosswise into strips, four or five inches wide, and, after covering the bottom of the cask with salt, pack the strips in layers, set edgwise, as closely as possible, round the cask, with plenty of salt between each layer. When the cask is full, and has settled for a day or two, put in cold water enough to fairly cover the pork. There is no danger of using too much salt for clear pork; no more will be taken up by the meat than is needed, and the remainder is safely left, and may be used in packing a new parcel.

Iron Coated with Glass.

From the great tendency to oxydization, and the consequent decay of iron, in every shape of rolled or wrought manufacture, which is inherent in its nature, it has ever been the practice to cover it with an artificial coat, to preserve it from the destructive effects of the elements, and within comparatively few years past, many plans have been adopted for this purpose. Various points and pigments, zinc enamel for culinary utensils, and numerous other appliances, have been laid before the public, each perhaps good in its own way, but neither of them applicable as a universal coating for iron under all circumstances, in numerous cases.

At the soiree of the President of the Institution of civil Engineers, last week, some specimens of iron manufacture were exhibited, coated with glass, from the Smithwick Iron Works of Messrs. Selby & Jones, near Birmingham, and which would appear to be the very desideratum so long sought for. There were three ornamental dinner-plates, three pieces of iron tube, a frying-pan, a piece of corrugated iron roof, all covered with a clear transparent glass, and which were viewed with much admiration by the visitors. In the process of coating plates, all grease is removed, as in the preparation for tinning, zincing, &c. It is then covered with a glutinous preparation, over corrugated or plain roofing, tiles, tubing of all kinds and dimensions, frying-pans, gridirons, sauce-pans, kettles, cauldrons, or boilers, in lieu of coppers, and a host of other implements, domestic, agricultural and manufacturing: the article is first thoroughly cleansed in an acid solution to free it from oxide, &c., after which is laid on a coating of glass, ground to a fine powder.

The article is then introduced into a furnace of a peculiar construction and sufficient temperature, in which the glass is fused, and the intermediate glutinous matter being evaporated, the glass fills the external pores of the metal and becomes firmly united to it; and in answer to our inquiries, we were informed that as the manipulation became facilitated by practice, it was probable that the cost of a glass coated material, of these common kinds, would be a mere nominal trifle more than the plain articles themselves.

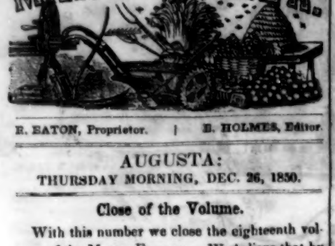
With respect to the ornamental articles, they, of course, involve some little more complexity, but bid fair to open a field of design and novelty of much interest. We were shown some ornamental dinner plates of the same material, each of which was four ounces lighter than an earthenware plate of the best construction, size for size. The foliage and designs are in relief; are executed by a kind of stencilling; one color being put on, it is transferred to the kiln and fixed, and when cold another color is added, again fixed, and so on till the design is complete. From the inspection afforded us, we have no doubt whatever, that as by practice the colors becoming improved, and full command over their application obtained, this really elegant invention will be applied to numerous purposes at present scarce thought of. To washstands and toilet furniture it would be most applicable, as also for sideboards, door-plates, and panels, fire grate ornaments, and to numerous other purposes in decorating buildings and architecture. For plates for the names of streets it would be almost indestructible, and might be brought into use with much effect for ship front architecture. We were shown, among other specimens, a small door panel, with a bunch of foliage in the centre, surrounded with an arabesque border, to represent gold, which had a very pleasing effect. The invention is another step onward in the progress of art and science, and is of much interest. [Mining Journal.

Cold, or Catarrh in Sheep. Flock masters should take particular care of their sheep when affected with a cold during the winter months; for if neglected, it frequently becomes so deeply seated as to be incurable, and ends in phthisis, or consumption. The best remedy for a cold is, first, place your sheep in a well-ventilated, dry stable, comfortably littered; and second, give it any slightly purging medicine, with a moderate allowance of hay, and a bran mash, one fifth of which should be oil meal. Colds, or catarrhs, are not only epidemic but endemic: be careful, therefore, where you winter your sheep, that that there be no predisposing cause in their locality; and when they are attacked, remove them instantly from the flock. By following these precautions, and keeping them well fed, sheltered, aired, watered and salted, one may bid defiance to disease among his flocks.

[American Agriculturist.

Cleansing or Renovating Brine. To five gallons of brine, add one egg, broken and stirred in, and then bring to a gentle boiling and skin and cool for use. Saltpetre added to brine, at the rate of two to four ounces to the 100 pounds of meat, gives it a fine, reddish color. A little brown sugar adds to the flavor of beef and pork, particularly for smoking, besides possessing an antiseptic quality.

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.



E. EATON, Proprietor. | E. HOLMES, Editor.

AUGUSTA:
THURSDAY MORNING, DEC. 26, 1850.

Close of the Volume.

With this number we close the eighteenth volume of the MAINE FARMER. We believe that by the partiality of our friends, who have furnished us with communications on various subjects connected with agriculture and the mechanic arts, the past volume has not been behind its predecessors in affording our readers useful and interesting matter, and that its usefulness increases with its years. We tender our thanks to all who have assisted us with their *minds* and their *votes*. We have passed over one more stage of life pleasantly together, and hope whatever we have done that is useful may continue to exert a good influence for many long years to come, and that if any errors have been inadvertently committed, the evil effects will be over-ruled for good by that beneficent Providence who judges from the motives of the heart rather than by overt acts.

Some who began the volume with us, have been called to another world, to act in a higher, and we trust a more extended and useful sphere. Some who still remain among us may find it expedient or necessary to part with us *here*. To such we would tender our cordial thanks for their aid, assistance and company thus far. To those who feel willing to try us another year, and bide the events of the unseen future, we extend the hand of a hearty fellow laborer, and proffer our hopes of a pleasant journey along life's highway. We pledge our best exertions to do as well by them as our means will allow, and hope that they too will occasionally remember us by communications of their observations and the results of their experiments and deductions of their experience in all matters pertaining to agriculture, mechanics, and general knowledge. Be not afraid of giving for publication all the new ideas you may obtain and new discoveries that you may make. No matter if they are not magnificent or splendid. Humble truths are often the most valuable, and the collecting of detached and humble truths often lead to great results. It is a duty we all owe to each other to impart knowledge and reciprocate information. By thus doing we repay in some degree those who have furnished us with knowledge, and leave a legacy to those who come after us, which they may repay in the same manner.

Christmas.

Last week was observed the good old holiday of New England origin, called Thanksgiving Day, but this week comes one both time-honored and world-wide in its age and character—Christmas Day—a day before which all others sink into insignificance, whether in regard to its origin, or its unspeakable consequences to the whole race of mankind. Consider it as you will—view it in whatever light you please—you cannot deny its right to be entitled one of the most important anniversaries that mortal man can observe. No matter whether you hold this or that dogma of faith,—no matter whether you worship at this or that shrine of christian sect,—nay, no matter whether you are a believer or a disbeliever, this anniversary will return as long as earth, and stars, and suns shall revolve, and millions will hail it with reverence and delight. And why should they not? Why should they not rejoice with all their hearts and souls, in memory of that mighty event, foretold, yes, before it happened, by the prophets and seers of old—men favored with the immediate influx and inspiration of God,—a day heralded, when it came, by angels from around the Eternal's throne! Nothing on earth could be of more transcendant importance, or compare with it in any degree, whatever. Christmas day! What images of mercy and glory cluster around its memories! Eighteen hundred and fifty years have consecrated it as a memorial of the time when the Omnipotent Jehovah veiled himself in humanity, that man should learn from his example, the resurrection and the life, and, becoming more familiar with the attributes of Deity, be taught the way to everlasting felicity in another and a better world.

Well may he turn back to the recital of that event, and, as he is carried along through the vista of ages that have passed, ponder upon the scene that opens to his view, and listen during the stillness of that eventful night, with the Chaldean Shepherds, to the song that burst from the celestial choirs, upon their enraptured ears, while entranced with the angelic music that floated over the sleeping earth, behold with the spiritual eye those messengers of glory who announced the glad tidings of peace on earth and good will to man, and illuminated with the splendor of heavenly light that shone over the lowly birth place of him who, setting at naught the miserable trappings of this world, led the way to the more triumphant and unspeakable glories of the other.

"The star was bright o'er Bethlehem's plain,
The shepherds watched their fleecy train,
When splendor gleamed the sky, the tongue
Of angel bands in concert sung,
'Peace and good will to men', their song,
Good will while ages roll along';
The Saviour comes, let nations hear
Be hushed each grief, be wiped each tear."

Hallowed forever be the day, and at each return let men forget their animosities, their pride, and their selfishness, and filling their souls with a spark from the fires of God's universal and unquenchable love, endeavor to spend one day in its cheering and expanding influences.

We say, expanding influences, for when the heart becomes influenced with the flames of that furnace of love, it never stops to bicker with the prejudices and selfishness of unregenerated nature, but would cover the whole earth and its people, with its light, and its warmth. Let it then, have its true course, and gathering the rich and the poor, the high and the low, in its fields of love, bring them all into a Christmas so merry that its memories, and its joys shall lead them to a more joyous and eternal Christmas above.

CORRECTION. In our statement last week respecting the two routes of the proposed railroad from Waterville to Bangor, we unintentionally added in all the side tracks pertaining to the Dexter route, but did not do the same with the Exeter route. This would represent the Dexter route as longer than it is. The following is the true statement of distances:—By Dexter the distance is 78 miles and 23-100—by Exeter, 75 miles and 13-100.

LARGE PORKER. Mr. Silas Leighton, of this city, killed a hog on the 17th inst., which weighed, when dressed, seven hundred and thirty-three pounds. He was eighteen months and twelve days old. His keeping, until within two months, has been only ordinary, such as the slops of the kitchen and skim-milk; since which time his extra feed has not exceeded eleven bushels of corn.

City Council.

Among the proceedings in City Council, December 18th, were the following:

The order for the purchase of two fire engines having been reported in the Common Council, Mr. Little moved to strike out "two" and insert "one." Negatived, as follows:

YEAS—Messrs. Savage and Little—2.

NAYS—Messrs. Wyman, Hedge, North, Caldwell, Staples, Phinney, Varney, Sawyer, Lambard, Winslow, Robinson—11.

ABSENT—Messrs. Goldthwait, Coombs, Hovey, Burns, Williams, McFarland, Barker, Church—8.

Mr. Savage moved to lay the order on the table. Negatived. The order was then passed.

In the Board of Aldermen, the order passed as follows:

YEAS—Aldermen Barrows, Hewins, Doe, and Pike.

NAYS—Alderman Reed.

ABSENT—Alderman Myrick.

NOT VOTING—Alderman Cony.

Papers were presented, containing the names of one hundred or more of our citizens, who offer to man the engines for two years, free of expense, which it is thought will save the price of the engines.

REPRESENTATIVE ELECTION. The Board of Aldermen instructed the Mayor to issue his warrant for a new election, to take place on the second Monday of March next.

REWARD. The Mayor was authorized to offer a reward for the detection of the persons who committed the assault upon the house of Mr. Otis Whitney.

Maine State Prison Destroyed by Fire.

On Monday morning, December 23d, the Maine State Prison, together with nearly all the buildings connected with it, was consumed by fire. The fire broke out in the guard room, and is supposed to have caught from a stove funnel. The guard room and the warden's house were entirely destroyed, but the greater part of the furniture was saved. The whole of the destructible portion of the main prison was burnt; the cells in which the prisoners were confined, were built entirely of stone and iron, and of course remain standing, although the roof that covered them was burnt. The prisoners were all safely removed and secured in a brick building used for workshops, which was fortunately saved. No one killed or injured. The above particulars were received by telegraph, and we could obtain nothing further at the time our paper goes to press.

Fire in Gardiner.

As we were going to press, on Tuesday afternoon, a telegraphic despatch was received in this city, from Gardiner, dated a quarter before six o'clock, P. M., as follows:—A fire broke out at about 2½ o'clock, in the brick building owned by P. Maher, and occupied by P. Maher, grocery, and A. Ring, butcher's shop. Upper part occupied as a dwelling house by P. Maher and widow Stuart. Goods partly saved—walls standing.—Building west of this occupied by E. C. Harvey as a grocery store—dwelling above. Goods removed, much damaged. Next door west occupied by A. C. Stuart, grocery. Goods removed, much injured. Wooden building east of Maher's, first door occupied by P. Wheeler,—a family above,—second door by Kelly & Rowell, shoe store,—dwelling above. Goods removed much injured by water,—building may be saved. The engines are hard at work, covered with ice, and with a cold night's work before them, as the fire is not yet subdued, and the wind is blowing fresh from N. W.

SECOND DESPATCH—8 o'clock, P. M. The wind abating, the fire has been got under, without its spreading beyond the limits reported in former despatch. We are unable to give any estimate of the damage to buildings and goods. The losses on buildings were probably mostly covered by insurance. The only person injured was Mr. George Stone, who was badly, but not dangerously injured, by the falling of a window sash, which struck him on the face, inflicting an ugly but not serious wound.

Severe Snow Storm.

The most severe snow storm we have had for a long time, commenced early Monday morning, and continued, without intermission, throughout the day and into the succeeding night. The wind blew strong from the north, and the snow was piled in huge drifts, blocking up the roads, and suspending the travel on all the principal thoroughfares. The cars were delayed on the railroads: the morning train from Portland not reaching Bath until noon, on Monday.

The western mails due here on Monday evening, had not arrived at noon on Tuesday. No mails were received at the Post Office on Monday, excepting those from Skowhegan and Thomaston.

FIRE IN ANSON. The store of Messrs. Foster & Getchell, in Anson, was destroyed by fire on Thursday night of last week. The goods in the store were partly saved, but were considerably damaged. We understand that the store and goods were insured to the amount of two thousand dollars.

REV. MR. SPENCE, of this city, will deliver a Temperance Lecture at Winthrop Hall, on Sunday evening next, December 29th. The Lecture will be public, and all persons are invited to attend.

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS. The Carrier of the Maine Farmer will furnish his patrons with a New Year's Address next Wednesday.

FIRE IN BATH. Last evening a fire broke out in the house on Centre street, owned by Capt. N. Harding, and occupied by Peter Knight. It was not subdued till nearly all the upper portion of the house was consumed. The origin of the fire is not known, but the flames were first seen bursting from a closet in the front chamber. A small child, sleeping in the room, was saved by the intrepidity of its mother, after one or two attempts to rescue it had been made by others. The child and its mother were taken from the window, she with her dress in flames. There was an insurance of $600 on the house by the Rockinham Co., and $600 on the furniture by the Howard Insurance office, of Lowell, Mass. [Bath, Me., Tribune, 18th.

FATAL STEAMBOAT EXPLOSION. *New Orleans, Dec.* 13. While the tow boat Anglo Norman was on a pleasure excursion up the river, her boiler burst, and a fearful loss of life occurred. Over one hundred of our most respectable citizens, and several ladies, were on board. Junius Beebee, late President of the Tow Boat Company, is missing. Mr. Perry, reporter of the Bulletin, Mr. A. Stillman of the Novelty Works, New York, and the first engineer, were killed, with fifteen others, names unknown. Many were severely scalded—others slightly injured, including the reporters of the Crescent City and Delta.

ATROCIOUS ATTEMPT TO BLOW UP A SHIP OF WAR. Advices received by the West Indian mail, state that on the 24th of August, 1850, in lat. 28 S., 126 23 W., Wm. Muir, gunner's mate of Her Majesty's ship Swift, being reprimanded for neglect of duty, went to the galley fire, lit a slow match, and was discoved by the corporal of marines in the act of entering the magazine, with the intention of blowing up the ship! Muir was kept in irons till his arrival at Valparaiso, when he contrived to make his escape—how is not stated.

CONGRESSIONAL COMPEND.

MONDAY, Dec. 16.

SENATE. A resolution was submitted by Mr. Cass, calling for all correspondence between our Government and the Austrian Minister concerning the Agent sent by the United States to Hungary, during the contest there. Mr. Benton introduced a bill to provide for the location and construction of a railroad and common highway from the Mississippi River at St. Louis to the Bay of San Francisco, to extinguish the Indian title along said highway, and to establish military posts, and grant land to actual settlers thereon. A message was received from the President, announcing the acceptance by Texas of the boundary bill.

HOUSE. The New York Branch Mint question was made the special order of the day for the second Tuesday in January. The first Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday in February were set apart for the consideration of the territorial business of Oregon, Minnesota and New Mexico. The House, after adopting some resolutions of inquiry, went into a Committee of the Whole.

TUESDAY, Dec. 17.

SENATE. The Chair presented the report of the Board of Officers, called to consider the propriety of the rank of Lieutenant General of the Army, and what measures are necessary to prevent military officers from exercising civil duties—which was referred to the Military Committee.

Mr. Foote presented a series of resolutions, adopted by the Legislature of Mississippi, expressing disapprobation of his course in relation to the compromise measures of the last session, and sustaining the course of Mr. Davis, his colleague. Upon Mr. Dawson's motion they were ordered to be printed.

The bill to establish a Western Armory, and the bill to indemnify South Carolina for moneys advanced, and losses sustained by that State in the Florida war, were reported back by the Military Committee.

HOUSE. The death of Mr. Harmanson was announced by his colleague, Mr. Morse. After a eulogy, and the usual resolutions of respect, the House adjourned. Mr. Harmanson died some time ago, and his place has been filled by the election of another member, Mr. Penn.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 18.

SENATE. The resolutions of the Maryland State Reform Convention sustaining the compromise acts of the last session were presented. The resolution offered by Mr. Cass, calling for the correspondence between the United States and Austrian Charge about Hungarian affairs, was taken up and on motion of that senator laid over for the present. The cases of the removal of Gen. Lane, as Governor of Oregon, and of Mr. Weller, as boundary line commissioner, were discussed, but the Senate adjourned without taking any vote.

HOUSE. The joint resolution to fill up vacancies in the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institute passed. A bill was introduced to create the office of Surveyor General of public lands in California, which was referred to the Committee on Public Lands. A bill was introduced to make Whitehall, N. Y. a port of entry, which was referred. The House then went into Committee on the cheap postage bill; a substitute and amendments were offered and discussed without coming to any conclusion. The Committee rose and the House adjourned.

THURSDAY, Dec. 19.

SENATE. The bill to amend an act to promote the progress of useful arts, which was recommitted to the Committee on Patents at the last session and reported back by the Committee at this session, with various amendments, was taken up and discussed. Amendments were offered, to the effect that when a patentee should sue for the infringement of his patent, the defendants might sue out a *scire facias*, to try the validity of the patent, and making certified copies of specifications granted in foreign countries receivable in evidence, on trial of all cases for infringement of patents. Both of these amendments, after some opposition, were agreed to. A substitute for the above bill was offered, which was laid on the table.

The Senate adjourned till Monday.

HOUSE. Consent was asked by Mr. Boyd to introduce a joint resolution admitting W. S. Messervy to a seat in that body, as a delegate from New Mexico. Objections were made. The House then went into Committee of the whole and took up the Cheap Postage Bill. The discussion of this measure occupied the time until the adjournment. Some of the speakers were opposed to any reduction of the rates of postage whatever. Both a larger and smaller reduction of letter postage than that contemplated by the bill were advocated.

Two Weeks Later from California.

The steamer Cherokee arrived at New York on Friday morning, December 20, from Chagres via Kingston, with one million six hundred and eighty thousand one hundred dollars in gold, and three hundred and sixty-one passengers.

The cholera had abated at Kingston, having decreased in the city, but was raging with increased violence in the interior. On some plantations nine out of ten were taken off; 4000 deaths occurred in Kingston alone.

The cholera had abated at San Francisco; at Sacramento city and up the river it was more fatal.

Business was very brisk.

The passengers by the Cherokee have four hundred thousand dollars in gold additional to that on the steamer's manifest.

The following is from the Pacific News:

Since our last nothing in particular has occurred to mark the progress of California. The Cholera has made rapid strides in some localities, and laid many in the dust. In this city, since its first appearance some three weeks since, the number of deaths have been about 135, while at Sacramento they have perhaps reached 1000! The scourge, however, is abating, and the deaths in either city do not now average over eight or ten per day. This mortality has prostrated in a great measure the business of the large cities, and consequently affected every locality.

During the approaching winter a much larger number of miners will remain in the mines than ever before, and consequently more gold will be taken out than during any previous winter season. Much attention is being paid to quartz mines.

The Mariposa mines are yielding a good return, notwithstanding the machinery is not as powerful as desirable.

Indian difficulties continue, but not of a serious nature. Several skirmishes have taken place, with the loss of but two or three lives on either side.

The Sacramento Times says we have seen persons from various portions of the mines, from whom we learn that the cholera has spread to but a very limited extent. A few cases have occurred at Nevada City, Rough and Ready, and other towns.

The Yuba mines have generally yielded well—the average per man being $8 and $10 daily. A large number of miners will winter on the Yuba.

Governor Burnett has issued a proclamation, setting forth the 30th of November as a day of Thanksgiving and Praise and Prayer.

The number of passengers that arrived by sea, from October 1st, 1849, to October 1st, 1850, was 43,615; the number that left from October 1st to October 31st, was 5500.

The hotel business in San Francisco was best at the Union—the rates were $40 per week; at private houses, $25 and $30. Gambling was on the increase, as also robberies.

FIRE IN WATERVILLE. At 2 o'clock Friday morning last, fire was discovered bursting from the roof of a two-story wooden building on Temple street, owned by Dea. Seammon, and occupied by Mr. Joseph Hill, as paint-shop. It was too late to save the building or contents, and the efforts of the firemen were directed to the adjoining building, occupied below by Mr. Rufus Nason as a machine-shop, and above by several persons as a carpenter and joiner-shop—containing below all the valuable machinery, including a steam engine, and above a considerable amount of tools. A portion of the machinery, and some of the tools, were saved in a damaged state; but the building, with the rest of its contents, was destroyed. By the judicious efforts of the firemen, the further progress of the fire was here stopped.

Mr. Hill lost, in addition to his stock of paints and tools, thirteen sleighs, and several others were destroyed that belonged to his customers. He estimates his loss at from $400 to $500. Mr. Seammon's loss embraced only the building, worth perhaps $300. Mr. Nason's loss, including the building and machinery, is probably not less than $1200. There was no insurance on any of the property. [Waterville Mail.

Burning of the Insane Hospital.

Testimony before the Coroner's Jury.

It will be perceived that a large portion of our paper, this week, is occupied by the testimony elicited by the Jury of Inquest, relative to the burning of the Insane Hospital. The testimony is very voluminous, covering about 130 pages of manuscript. We publish the greater part of this testimony, omitting, however, a few of the less important particulars.

The Jury was in session nine days, and closed their investigations on Tuesday evening, of last week. Their verdict may be found at the close of the testimony.

DR. JAMES BATES, sworn. I am Superintendent of the Maine Insane Hospital. Without any previous knowledge that anything unusual was to take place, between 2 and 3 o'clock on the morning of the 4th inst., I was awakened from sound sleep by a loud call from some one in the centre building, which is an uncommon occurrence. The first sensible thing I noticed, was a slightly perceptible smell of burning pine. Without putting on any garment, I went down one pair of stairs, and loudly inquired the cause of the alarm. I was not answered. I repeated the inquiry, and immediately met, in the passage way leading to the south upper gallery of the old wing, Mr. M. Smalley, an attendant in that gallery. The smoke at that place was very dense, almost insupportable. Mr. S. asked me what he should do. I told him to unlock every door he possibly could. He turned evidently to comply with my direction. Being without clothes, I returned to my room and provided myself with a portion of my clothing. On descending, met Dr. Harlow. May have met the Dr. at my first instead of my second descent. He said to me that the patients were suffocating. Directed him to do all he could to release them, and also call upon others to do the same; and from that time saw him often actively exerting his utmost powers to this end. I then went to the office to obtain the keys of the outside door, but they were gone. Saw that the front door was not open. Went to the back door, and found that unlocked and open. Satisfied myself, by application at the several galleries, that it was impossible to enter and sustain life, on account of the dense smoke. I then gave my attention to the outside of the building, to see what could be done for the relief of the patients, going to the east side of the building. About this time, I directed one of the employees, I think Mr. Black, to mount a horse and alarm the town; and Mrs. Scott, the seamstress, requested the privilege of alarming Mr. Turner and Mr. Bartlett, who lived near the Hospital. At this time several of the patients from the new south wing were loose in the yard, shouting violently from the excitement. Heard Capt. Woodbury, a patient from Cape Elizabeth, calling for a ladder from the south east room, middle gallery, old wing. One was procured as soon as possible, we having a large supply about the building. Ran immediately to the wood-shed to procure an axe, but did not find it—the window was broken with a billet of wood, which we found efficient for the purpose, both then and afterwards. About the time this was done, a gang of men had gone to the west side of the building, with ladders. Remained on the east side until I think every window was examined and broken in on that side. When each window was broken, a volume of black smoke came immediately forth. About the time Capt. W. was taken out, the fire had made such progress, that on attempting to ascend the first flight of stairs in the eastern entry, I found it impossible, as well on account of the flames, as the smoke. Went to the fawcet on the reservoir of the new wing, and turned it for the purpose of obtaining water in buckets, and requested Mr. Weeks to turn the other five in that part of the building. He obtained buckets, and conveyed some water, but found it was unavailing, and desisted. Then went to the west side, where Mr. Turner and Dr. Harlow were operating, and found them employed in taking Mr. Vickery, of Unity, from his room, through the window. Being a heavy man, and totally helpless, the ladder upon which he was conveyed broke, when they were within ten feet of the ground. Mr. V. was the last man taken from that wing, there being no appearance of any living person in that wing at that time. Mr. Turner and his men took the remaining ladder, and proceeded to the east end of the new wing, and made use of that ladder in passing for the purpose of forcing open the front door. Soon after this, I found Mr. Linscott, of Bangor, lying upon some clothes at the head of the first flight of steps in the main building, senseless, and breathing with great difficulty. Stepped to the office and unlocked the door of the medicine case, for water, which I found, and returning, applied it to his head and neck. It produced no effect, after repeated applications. I thought it advisable to remove him near the main door, which was done. He was afterwards removed to Mr. Turner's house, and remained insensible until the next day about 2 P. M., when he expired.

When I left my wife and Miss Johnson, the Matron, I requested them to go and have every woman in the north wing dressed and ready for removal. In my movements about the building, I passed through the middle gallery of that wing, and found all the ladies in the performance of that service, some of the patients making violent resistance. Directed that as fast as possible every woman should be removed to the Cottage and east end of the shed. Every female patient was safely removed from the building, without injury, together with all their clothing. On opening the front door and windows of the west side of the main building, the wind being northwesterly, very much relieved the western rooms of the main building from smoke. Am not aware that any man had paid any attention to the saving of property until after the front door was forced. Previous to that time, the females had thrown some things from the windows of their sleeping rooms.

The whole number of patients on the books of the Hospital, is 79 males, 45 females—total 124.

Retired to bed about half past nine o'clock, which is about the usual hour for retiring. It is my usual practice to visit during the evening, different parts of the building, but not all of it, and I had visited during the previous evening the upper gallery of the old south wing, leaving at ten minutes past nine, having spent an hour and a half there.

Had no reason to apprehend the occurrence of such a catastrophe, at the time it occurred, more than at any other time. For the whole time that I have been connected with the Hospital, I have no recollection of any portion of the building being on fire, but once. The flue of the furnace in the new wing for heating sad irons was found, on trial, to communicate fire to the end of the floor timber. It was immediately stopped up, and has never since been used.

There was no watch kept in the building after nine o'clock at night. Know of only one, at most two, institutions in the United Stated, where a night watch is kept. The keeping a night watch, is considered, I think, by a majority of Superintendents in the United States to be injudicious to the patients, on account of the disturbance produced in going over the building, the subject having been fully discussed at one of the annual meetings of the Association of Superintendents. In the rules and regulations adopted in 1840, for the government of our Hospital, the duties of a night watch are incorporated, to have effect "when one shall be employed." In April, 1850, I was requested to prepare a revision of those rules and regulations for the consideration of the Trustees, which I did, and it was acted upon at a meeting of the full board. In this revised code, the same article is inserted, and on its adoption, the subject of a night watch, its necessity and expense, was fully discussed. Was not directed to employ one, and I now say that no night watch has ever been kept in the Hospital from its foundation to the present time.

I have no knowledge of the origin of the fire, whether it occurred from an internal or external cause. It was found impossible from the time I attempted to visit the galleries in the old wing to pass into them with lights, even in lanterns,—they being instantly extinguished by the dense smoke. No reliance could be placed upon the water within the building from the impossibility of obtaining access to it on account of the smoke. There were within the building, in cisterns and the well, at least 20,000 gallons of water—none of it could be reached except that in the well, which afforded only a small supply and was soon exhausted. The windows and doors where wood was taken into the basement, could be freely entered by any person from without at any time, being left open for the purpose of furnishing air for the combustion of the boiler furnaces, and supplying air to all the rooms of the building. There is but one Hospital in the United States where air for these purposes is obtained in any other manner. The access from the basement to the other parts of the building is always closed at half-past nine in the evening.

There is no chance for patients to escape from their rooms during the night time. There were no persons employed as attendants whom I did not consider as perfectly trustworthy. At the suggestion of the Trustees in 1849, an appropriation was made by the State for the purpose of changing the manner of warming the old south wing, from the dry heat of a furnace to that of air heated by steam pipes in an air chamber. The Trustees directed Mr. Turner to have the alteration made agreeably to a plan I had presented to them, and following the suggestions I should make. He did so—a steam boiler which we had in the building was set at the south end of the basement of that wing, in a brick arch 14 feet long. The side walls of this arch were carried up to the floor timbers—then extending 60 feet, an air chamber was constructed four feet in the clear, from side to side, by double boardings upon three inch furrings. In this air chamber, for the first 46 feet, there were four six inch steam pipes suspended from the floor timbers, and in the rest of the distance, six pipes. From the northern end of the brick furnace, below the steam pipes, about 40 feet distant from the end and in the centre of the air chamber, were cast iron pipes for conducting smoke. All the joints in the smoke pipe were closely luted with a cement of salt and ashes. This cast iron smoke pipe was laid in a trough of brick work for the whole distance, constructed in the following manner. A plank was placed upon wooden horses, upon which three courses of brick were laid, entirely covering it—the sides of the trough were also constructed of brick built up from this bottom in such a manner that the smoke pipe rested upon them and a free passage of air passed beneath for the whole distance. This smoke pipe was continued about six feet farther by a sheet iron pipe suspended by wires attached to the steam pipes. It then turned upwards above the steam pipes, then passed horizontally into the chimney—where the pipe passed through the wall of the air chamber, the hole being sufficiently large to allow of brick and mortar all around it. This hole was about 50 feet from the fire mouth of the furnace. No change was ever made in that part of the warming apparatus since it was originally constructed in the summer of 1849, nor has any change ever been made in the apparatus except in the bearing of the cast iron smoke pipe from a traverse to the longitudinal bearing above described. The traverse bearing was upon bricks about two feet apart. The change was made when repairs became necessary in consequence of the falling of the steam pipes which crushed the trough and the smoke pipe. The steam in the pipes could never be above the boiling heat, for the reason that when it reached that point, the surplus steam must pass off. I have never known the air in either of the air chambers heated by steam above 140 degrees.

At the annual meeting of the Trustees in 1849, there being a full Board, when the plan for changing the manner of warming the old South wing was submitted, I explained the reasons for using wood instead of brick in the construction of the airchamber and flues. When the warming apparatus of the new wing was put up, it was found that the basement was not wide enough to admit of a double brick wall on each side of the chamber, and a single four inch wall was built. By this mode a large amount of heat was lost into the cellar. In the old wing, the basement corridor is two feet narrower than the new wing, besides having a chimney projecting into it in one place, two feet more. By constructing the air chamber in the mode I have described, the passage of air between the inner and outer walls was obtained, with a saving of fourteen inches of space in width. The flues for conducting hot air to the galleries, could not be made in the brick wall for the reason that it was not thick enough, and wood was, therefore, the only substance of which the flues could properly be constructed.

Within the past three years an entire change has taken place in the United States in the manner of warming hospitals, the dry air of furnaces having in many instances been disapproved with, and steam and hot water substituted. At the McLean Asylum, in the east wing, which has been recently re-modelled, there are six hot air chambers, and six foul air chambers, all of which are constructed of wood. I do not know that a smoke pipe passes through any of these air chambers. I think there is not.

I have no recollection that any person ever suggested to me that the air chamber was unsafe.

There were 53 rooms in the old South wing, and a dust closet, having dead locks. The number of patients in that wing being 42, there were 12 rooms locked which did not contain patients.

In building the new wing I had dampers put into every flue, but the patients closing them and thereby preventing the galleries from being suitably warmed, I was obliged to have them cut out in the lower gallery. In the construction of the flues leading to the galleries of the old wing, after ascertaining the amount of space proper to leave open for each gallery, fixtures were made permanent at that point.

If the ingress pipe to the large cistern in the new wing had been eight inches in diameter, instead of four, we could have availed ourselves of all its contents of about 10,000 gallons. As it was, the suction hose of the engine could not be admitted, and it was out of sufficient length to reach it in any other way. The Kennebec River was the nearest supply of water, from which it could not be obtained until the Hallowell engines arrived upon the ground.

DR. HARLOW, sworn. I am assistant physician in the Maine Insane Hospital. On the morning of the 4th December about three o'clock, I was awakended by Mr. Weeks, the supervisor, who came to my room and said a fire existed in the male wing. My room is in the 4th story of the main building, in the S. W. corner. I sprang from the bed and dressed myself with the exception of my coat, and went immediately to the basement of the old south wing. I found the fire burning near the north end of the air chamber, within 12 feet, and very near where the smoke pipes turn towards the chimney. I found Robert Jones in the act of throwing water upon it. The blaze was near the top of the air chamber, and was not large; turned and went into the bake room, took a pail of water, went back, threw it upon the fire, which had then much increased. I saw that nothing could be done with the pail, and went up two flights of stairs, with the intention of going into the middle gallery of the old south wing; opened the gallery door, and was repulsed by the smoke and gas which extinguished my light. Mr. Smalley was near me, and I asked him if Dr. Bates had been called. He replied he did not know. I then called several times for Dr. Bates, and went to the office to light my lamp, then went up stairs near the end of the upper gallery, where I saw Dr. Bates in his night clothes, and informed him where the fire was. I passed up stairs, obtained my coat, returned and went out of the back door to the east of the building. In coming down stairs my light again went out; found a lantern at the back door, with a light burning in it, took it in my hand and ran up the lane to alarm Mr. Turner and others, and returned crying fire at every step. In the lane I met Mr. Black on a horse, going to town. I there found three or four men; repaired to the west side of the old south wing. We had a ladder and an axe, and I told the men the windows must be broken in. Mr. Weeks went up the ladder and broke the iron sash of the room of Geo. Minot, a patient in the third story. Meantime, with another man, I went to the shop for another ladder; brought it and placed it to a window in the third story, or upper gallery. Mr. Orbiton, an attendant, ascended the ladder, broke the sash and entered the room. He came out, saying there was no one there—also saying that he could not breathe there—came down the ladder and moved it to the next window north, and Henry Jones went up with an axe, broke in the window, entered the room, and took out Mr. Linscott, and with much difficulty, he being a heavy man, conveyed him to the ground and placed him upon some bed clothes. He was insensible. At this time Mr. Turner arrived with more men, and I heard Mr. Vickery at the window of his room, asking to be relieved, saying he should die.—Some one ascended the ladder, broke the sash and took him out. The fire at this time was burning rapidly in the basement. I immediately repaired to the east end of the new wing, entered by the door and began to turn the patients out as fast as possible. Met doctor from the rooms in the lower gallery. I found open; in the lodge in the east end of the wing, I found the patients asleep, and experienced much difficulty in arousing them, and after they were aroused, in getting them out. At this time, I think, one of the attendants whom I had left at the west side, came in, whom I called upon to assist in removing the patients, which he did. Many of the patients, when conveyed to the door would shrink back and endeavor to return. Several of them returned two or three times, and could only be removed by main force. The class of patients in this gallery were the demented and furious. Of those whom I aroused and got out of this wing, none are missing except James Greene of Topsham, who was brought to the door several times, and whom I know was out of the building, but what became of him I do not know. After removing from the building all the patients that I had collected near the door, I returned to the room in search of more. I found the smoke so dense I could scarcely breathe; the light in my lantern went out; returned to the east end of the hall, procured another; went to the side door of the north side of the wing; found the entry filled with patients; urged them out of the door, and I think closed it; then went to the east end of the wing and assisted Mr. Turner in getting them into the bowling alley; then went round to the west side of the old south wing; in a few moments after the U. S. Engine arrived, it being then about 4½ o'clock. The engine company were directed to the well in front of the building for water, but in a few moments said there was no water to be got from it; then went to the well in the kitchen, in the new wing; no water could it be obtained from this well, the hose being so short as to bring the engine so near the building that it could not be worked. Water was obtained from this well afterwards. At this time attempts were made to obtain access to my own room, but nothing could be obtained, from it except the bedding which was near the window on account of the smoke and heat.

Of the patients who occupied the new wing, Nathaniel Flint in the middle gallery, demented, and subject to furious impulses—Joshua Heath, in the same gallery, a morose maniac—Martin Carriel, in the lower gallery, demented and subject to fits of raving—James Greene, in the lower gallery, demented, are all that are missing. The remainder of the missing patients occupied the old south wing, in the basement of which the fire originated. When I reached the basement, the fire in sight was of the size of a man's head, and confined to the air chamber near the top; had not reached the floor, and at the time Mr. Linscot was taken from his room in an insensible condition, the fire had not burned through the floor of the lower gallery, but, was still confined to the basement.

From the air chamber there passed off on either side, wooden flues into each gallery, for the purpose of conveying the hot air and warming the galleries. There were, I should think, about fifteen of these flues to each gallery. As fast as the fire burned and the gas was generated, a current of cold air rushing into the basement, carried the smoke and gas through these flues into the galleries. Knowing this I was induced to abandon the fire and direct my efforts to relieve the patients from suffocation.

No alarm of fire was given during the evening, to my knowledge; was at the Hospital the whole evening. Before the fire had burned through the floor of the lower gallery, after removing Mr. Vickery, all the patients remaining in the old wing were suffocated and dead. The effect of the gas and smoke upon the patients while asleep, would be to stupify and not to arouse them.

JOSHUA S. TURNER, sworn. I am Steward and Treasurer of the Insane Hospital. On the 1st of Oct. my family moved from the Hospital, and since that time I have slept at my own house, which is about 100 rods from the Hospital; have left the Hospital from 5½ to 6½ P. M. On the morning of Dec. 4, I was awakened by some one rapping at my door; suppose it to have been from 3 to 4 o'clock. The person who alarmed me informed me that the Hospital was on fire; the person was Mrs. Scott, the seamstress. Dressed myself and immediately repaired to the Hospital. [Mr. Turner's testimony here relates principally to his efforts, in conjunction with others, in rescuing the patients, which were not relaxed until forced to desist, in consequence of the fire and smoke.] The fuel in the basement of the old south wing consisted of wood and charcoal. About the centre of the wing, in an arch on the west side of the air chamber of the furnace, distant about two feet, there was from 25 to 30 bushels of charcoal; on the east, some four or five of the arches, perhaps more, which are distant from the air chamber about four feet, were filled with hard and soft wood.—The arch which contained the coal has always, I think, been used for that purpose, and the quantity above mentioned had been there some two months. The only fire I have ever before known was at the time a fire was first built in the sad-iron furnace in the new wing, which was extinguished with but trifling damage; on one occasion, however, some five years since, a window was set on fire by a patient, with a match, in the night time, and the window frame consumed. Every precaution is used to keep matches from the patients, but they might obtain them while out during the day; the instance I have stated is the only one I have known of damage from this cause. I have been connected with the Hospital about nine years. Think it could have been but a few moments after my arrival before every patient in the south wing must have been suffocated. The only reason I know to have been given why the air-chamber was built of wood, was that it was as safe as brick or any other material; never heard its safety questioned, and always considered it safe myself. Think the Trustees determined and directed the air-chamber to be constructed of wood; cannot recollect whether I was present when the matter was discussed by the Trustees. Cannot say whether I should have built the air-chamber of wood if I had not been so directed by the Trustees.

ROBERT JONES, sworn. I went to the Hospital on Friday night of last week, to take the place of Mr. Sanborn, the former. Had been before employed as fireman in the Hospital, from Oct. 11, 1849, until the following May. On Tuesday night last, I slept in a room in the N. E. corner of the old south wing, on the lower floor, with Peter Barrows. On the morning of Wednesday, at about 3 o'clock, as I supposed, was awakened by Mr. James P. Weeks, who opened the room door, and notified us that the building was on fire. Put on my pants and taking a lantern which we had burning, went out into the gallery, and from thence into the dining room which is situated in the main building; from thence into a walk leading into the basement of the main building; thence into the milk room, where I got a milk pail; thence into the bake room, where I started a faucet, and filled the pail with water; leaving another pail under the faucet, I went into the basement of the old south wing, and discovered a fire bursting out of the east and west side of the air-chamber—the flames were coming out of the holes for the reception of cold air, situated near the top of the air-chamber; these holes were about six inches long, and three wide; the hole on the east side was about one and a half feet from the smoke pipe where it passes through the air-chamber, on the south side. I threw the pail of water on the fire upon the east side of the chamber, returned for another pailful which I also brought in and threw upon the fire upon the same side—obtaining a third pailful, I threw it upon the west side. Having obtained a fourth pailful of water, I opened the air chamber door, at the north end, and stepping in found the fire spreading over the surface upon each side, and above upon the under floor of the gallery. The smoke pipe and steam pipes appeared to be perfect and in their places, so far as I observed. I then shut the door, and returned for more water; at this time Dr. Harlow and Mr. Smalley came into the basement; I threw another pail of water upon the sides of the chamber, and Dr. H. and Mr. Smalley also threw water upon the fire; they then left the basement, and I continued to bring water, and threw two pailful more into the chamber. At this time the smoke was so dense in the basement that I was forced to desist from any further efforts and left. When I last opened the door of the chamber, the fire was making great progress;—when I first looked into the air-chamber, I think the fire was as low down upon the sides as the inside boarding, which was within 2 1-2 feet of the bottom of the chamber, but the most fire was at the top; there was no fire I think upon the bottom of the air-chamber; think the fire had run over the single boarding at the bottom.

There was no alarm during the evening previous, or during the night until I was called by Mr. Weeks. I retired about 9 o'clock; was awake 20 minutes before 1 o'clock, being sick and vomiting; at 2 o'clock, Robbins, an attendant belonging in the new south wing, on the same floor, came into the gallery of the old wing, to the water closet, and was spoken to by Barrows, who was in bed with me, who asked him if he wanted help; the reply was 'No.' I heard no disturbance at these or any other times previous during the night; did not

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

and went to the gallery of the new wing, closing the folding doors which separate the gallery from the Verandah.

Taking a lantern, which hung in the Verandah, returned to our room, and put on a portion of our clothing. Mr. Ham then went out doors, and I commenced unlocking the doors, and told the patients to get them all to go out. All but two went out. One of these two, Hanscom, I carried out, and the other Keazer, was taken out by some other person. These patients I endeavored to put into the bowling alley, being assisted by Mr. Pond and Robert Jones—about twenty-five were lodged in the bowling alley. Hanscom manifested a desire to return to the building, saying if it was burned he wished to be burned in it. The remainder of the patients were taken from the lodge by some other person. James Green was among those I turned into the yard from the gallery. I do not recollect of seeing him among those who went into the bowling alley. I know that the gallery was entirely cleared before I locked the door leading to the yard. The door at the eastern end of the wing and also the folding doors between the lodge and gallery were open, and through them any person could enter the gallery. There are two patients only belonging to my gallery now missing, viz:—Carriel and Green.

I have never known during my connection with the hospital any alarm of fire, nor have I ever known of the existence of any fire.

JOHN B. HAM, sworn. Have been an attendant since Oct., 1849. I had charge in connection with Mr. Robbins, of the lower gallery of the new wing. I was up about 2 o'clock for the purpose of administering a shower bath to a patient in order to restore him to quiet, he being excited and noisy. At this time, I neither heard, saw or smelt any thing which indicated that the building was on fire. I passed through the middle and lower galleries of the old south wing, and the middle gallery of the new wing. During my connection with the Hospital, I have never known previous to the time of this fire, any part of the building to be on fire, or of any alarm of fire being given. I have never told any person that I have known of any.

[The remainder of the testimony of this witness relates to the manner in which he was employed, after he was aroused about 3 o'clock, in releasing the patients, and rendering other assistance.]

SAMUEL T. CLARK, sworn. [The testimony of this witness relates to the mason-work in the air chamber, on which the smoke pipe rested, which he constructed, as previously described by Dr. Bates.] The north end wall of the furnace was of brick not less than eight inches in thickness. I cannot say whether the end of the plank came against the brick wall, or was a short distance from it. If it touched the wall, I do not think it possible that it could have ignited from any heat that could be produced by the furnace.

JOHN M. POND, sworn. I have been employed at the Hospital for about 15 months past, as carpenter. I boarded at the Hospital a portion of the time, but did not lodge there. When I first commenced work, I built most of the air chamber of the warming apparatus in the old south wing. About one half of the west side was framed, but not boarded, when I commenced. It was constructed mostly of pine lumber. Six inch sills were laid on the ground about four feet apart—three inch square joists were fastened to the floor timbers above for a plate—posts of the same size were tenanted into the sills from 8 to 10 feet apart, and fastened to the joists with nails—one tier of girts were placed midway from the *sills* to the plate, and fastened between the posts. On the inside of this frame work, it was boarded up and down from the floor above to the girts, except at the *flues* for the passage of warm air. Above the girts, openings from 8 to 12 inches by 4, were made for the passage of cold air into the chamber. The outside was boarded from the bottom of the *sills* to the floor timbers above. Under the plates, holes of the same size with those inside were made to admit the cold air between the partition from whence it passed into the air chamber. The air chamber was battened both upon the inside and outside. There were three doors to the chamber, two upon the east side, and one at the north end. The hole upon the east side for the passage of the smoke pipe was from 17 to 20 inches square. The floor of the lower gallery above formed the ceiling of the chamber. There was no plastering within the wooden portion of the air chamber, but the basement outside of it was plastered overhead. From the air chamber the warm air passed between the floor timber through the passage formed between the plastering and the floor, by perpendicular wooden flues 18 by 3 inches, to the several galleries above.

I assisted in putting up the smoke pipe within the air chamber, when it was first completed, and also again the last fall. I cannot tell how near the smoke pipe came to the wood work in passing through the air chamber, but the square hole through which it passed was filled with brick laid in mortar around the pipe—on the top of the pipe the brick extended to the plastering on the outside of the chamber. Brick was used instead of sheet iron as first contemplated, it being considered safer. When I made the hole for the smoke pipe through the air chamber, there was no part of the boarding or plate *left* above—there was no wood work above the smoke pipe, except the floor timbers and the floor of the gallery. I have never known any patient to have charge of any of the fires in the absence of the fireman. He was from time to time under the direction of the Superintendent, allowed to have patients to assist in the performance of his labors. The patients were not allowed to interfere with the fires unless under the supervision of the fireman. I do not think the pipe running through the air chamber to the chimney had ever been taken down from the time it was first put up when the air chamber was built. I was in the habit of passing through the passage between the air chamber and the chimney every day, and never noticed any appearance upon the wood work in the vicinity of the stove pipe which exhibited any discoloration from the heat. I was within the air chamber frequently, and never observed any discoloration upon the wood work near the stove pipe which could have been made by heat. I have been within the chamber during the past fall, but never observed anything which indicated danger from the warming apparatus. I never examined the wood work near the stove pipe within the air chamber to see if the heat made any impression upon it.

GUSTAVUS A. BLAKE. I reside in Augusta; am a brick mason by trade. I built the furnace in the old south wing of the Hospital. A boiler, I think 10 feet long, was enclosed within two brick walls 8 inches in thickness and 4 inches apart, on the improved plan adopted in Lowell, Mass. There was a damper placed at the mouth of the smoke pipe. The object of the damper was to regulate the draft of the furnace. When the draft to a furnace is languid the smoke pipe will become foul more rapidly than when the draft is strong. A smoke pipe within a hot air chamber is not so apt to become foul, as when it is not in a hot air chamber, other things being equal. The fire chamber under the boiler was about 5½ feet by 14 inches high, and not far from 3 feet wide. Within a period of six weeks I think there would have been a collection of soot, &c., within the smoke pipe running through the air chamber—in my opinion about half an inch would accumulate. The deposit would be all round the pipe, but the greater portion would be at the bottom. In a sluggish draft the greatest deposit would be nearest to the fire chamber—in a strong draft, the farthest from it. Never, before the fire, expressed any opinion as to the security of the warming apparatus in the old south wing. Think I have since the fire. Have given it as my opinion that a hot air chamber constructed of wood would not be so safe as one constructed of brick. This is the only opinion I have given in relation to the safety of the apparatus. Do not think I have stated to any one that if the Trustees or officers of the Hospital had caused the air chamber to be constructed of brick, the fire would not have occurred. Recommended to Dr. Bates to have the air chamber in the new south wing constructed of brick, considering it safer than wood, and it was so built. This air chamber was built before that in the old wing. Do not think it was built of brick in consequence of my recommendation. At the time I set the boiler in the old wing, I understood the air chamber was to be of wood, but made no suggestion in relation to building it of brick.

SIMON S. BARTLETT, sworn. In August, 1845, I went to the hospital as an attendant. Have remained there ever since, until within about two months past. Was employed as an attendant a little more than four years. From April to July last, as fireman, had charge of the fires in the basement. In August last assisted Mr. McClinch in hanging the steam pipes in the air chamber of the old south wing. About the last of October I put up the smoke pipe in the air chamber, being assisted by Mr. Holway. The pipe which passed from the middle of the chamber towards the chimney, went in the same direction and parallel with the floor timber—the upper side of the pipe was two inches below the level of the under side of the floor timbers, the nearest of which was at the south and partially over it. The hole in the side of the chamber through which the smoke pipe passed to the chimney, was from 18 to 20 inches square on the inside—how it was on the outside I do not know. The pipe within this hole was enclosed, except on the upper side, by brick laid in mortar. There was nothing to prevent the heat of the pipe from coming in contact with the floor timber. The pipe passing the chamber had never been removed to my knowledge. It was not foul at the time the remainder of the pipe was put up. In August, Mr. McClinch called my attention to a discoloration upon the floor timber nearest to the smoke pipe where it passed through the chamber, remarking, I think, "if they are not careful here, they will be burnt up." We gave it no examination at the time, but when I put up the smoke pipe, some six weeks since, I thought of what McClinch had said—examined the floor timber, and found the discoloration was not caused by heat, according to my judgment. Having examined some of the other timbers, I was satisfied that it was caused by a leakage from the gallery above. There was a similar appearance upon several of the timbers on the other side, where there was no funnel. The upper elbow of the pipe was within 3 or 4 inches of the floor timber.

On the morning of the fire I saw McClinch, who asked me if I recollected what he had said in the air chamber. I told him I did. Since the fire. I have intimated to several persons, that the fire might have caught from the smoke pipe. My reasons for this opinion were, that I knew of no other way by which the heat could communicate fire to the wood work—and I was told that the fire broke out near the smoke pipe. I considered when I put up the pipe that there was no danger from it. In my opinion, if the old manner of warming the old South wing had been continued the fire would not have occurred. My reason for this opinion is that there was no woodwork connected with the old warming apparatus, and there was about the new one. This opinion I formed when the air chamber was completed and the apparatus was set in operation. I spoke of this subject to Robert Jones, I think, saying to him that I did not think this apparatus so safe as the one in the new South wing. I have never made any such suggestion to the Trustees or any officer connected with Hospital. During my connection with the Hospital, I never knew any part of the building to be on fire, except in the instance when the fire came from the flue of the sad iron furnace. This flue was immediately stopped up and abandoned. The floor directly over the air chamber in the old South wing was constructed as follows: First a layer of rough boards—then a coat of lime and mortar an inch and a half or two inches thick—then another floor of hard pine, I think, tongued and grooved. I have seen water coming through the floor into the cellar. The hard pine or upper floor, had shrunk so as to leaves cracks of one fourth of an inch wide in some places. This was partly produced by the heat of the old furnace. I do not know whether the effect of the heat has been greater or less since the air chamber was constructed, and the galleries in this wing have been heated by steam. When I put up the smoke pipe in October, I placed the damper in the flue so as to give about 3 or 4 inches draft, which was considerably less than the whole draught. The firemen did not know of the existence of the damper, as he has told me since the fire.

AMARIAH PLUMMER, sworn. Soon after the boiler was set in the old south wing of the Hospital in the fall of 1849, I went there for the purpose of doing certain jobs of mason work. I finished a trough for the smoke pipe within the air chamber. I also lathed and plastered the passage way overhead, between the air chamber and the brick wall opposite except a place above the pipe, this place I finished after the pipe was put up. I then bricked up the aperture in the side of the chamber around the smoke pipe, through the aperture which it passed to the chimney—entirely enclosing the smoke pipe. On the east side the bricks extending to the floor above, or nearly so. I should think there were five courses of brick in height above the upper side of the pipe. I have never been into the Hospital since that time. The bricks would extend from the outside of the chamber inward 4 inches. Beneath the pipe a course of headers were laid upon a plank, and extended inward 7 inches. I was employed by Mr. Turner. I should think that the pipe was four inches from the floor timber, where it came out on the outside of the chamber.

AMBROSE WHITNEY, sworn. Have been employed in the hospital as Butler. Some time this winter saw two patients in the basement of the north wing quarreling in regard to the care of the fire. Have seen one of the patients replenishing the fire in the basement of the new south wing alone. These are all the instances of the kind I have ever known.

I have considered the smoke pipe in the old south wing unsafe, and have told others so previous to the fire. I never told any of the officers so. I think I told those engaged in building the air chamber, that it would be the means of burning the building. I have not lodged in the Hospital since August 1849. I live within 50 or 60 rods of the Hospital, and reached there about half past 3 on the morning of the fire, having been aroused by Mr. Butterfield, a patient. Every thing that could be done was done to relieve the patients, so far as I know, while I was at the fire. I never knew any alarm at the Hospital before except that which grew out of the fire from the sad-iron furnace. I visited the arch containing charcoal, twice during the day before the fire, and did not see any signs of fire there.

TABITHA ANN PITTS, sworn. For 6 months immediately previous to the fire at the Hospital, was cook in the new south wing, I never heard any person connected with the Hospital, except McCurdy, one of the patients, say there was a fire there on the evening previous to the occurrence of the fire by which it was burned. I never knew of or heard any alarm of fire on the evening previous. I have not known of any difficulty between any of the attendants recently, or ever.

WM. W. SAWYER, sworn. I reside at Augusta, and am foreman of the U. S. Fire Company. Was at the fire at the Hospital on the morning of the 4th Dec. I reached the Hospital at half past four o'clock. After placing the engine at the corner of the new south wing and getting it into working order, I went to the south side of the new wing; in passing I observed what I thought to be the hand of a person through the grating. When I reached the front of the verandah of the lower gallery, I looked through the grating, but could see no one. Supposing there must be some one within, I endeavored to obtain something with which to break the grating, but did not. Returning to the verandah, I thought I saw a person within, as far as I could see.—Nothing I could render no assistance and seeing nothing more I went to the building. Soon after I heard an outcry at the time I saw the hand, which I supposed to proceed from a person within the building, but am now sure it was from a patient on the outside of the building, who was at large. I am as sure as I could be of anything at that time, that what I saw was the hand of a person. It was probably 10 or 15 minutes after my arrival, and the engine was got ready for work, that I passed to the south of the wing and saw the hand.—Some time after I saw a body burning in the basement of the new wing, very nearly beneath the point where I first saw the hand, but further back. I cannot say the person I saw in the verandah was a patient, but he might have been some one who had entered the building for some purpose, and afterwards came out. There was no one with me at the time.

JAMES A. THOMPSON, sworn. I was at the fire at the Hospital on the morning of the 4th inst. I reached there a few minutes after 4 o'clock, being the first person from the west side of the river who passed over the bridge. On my first arrival I saw Mr. Turner and others actively employed. The first I saw of Dr. Bates was some time after this, when I met him near the head of the stairs in the front entry. He was actively employed and it appeared to me that he was in the discharge of his duty as the officer having in charge the institution. I had no conversation with him at that time. I did not see any one taken from the building after my arrival, except Mr. Linscott, whom I assisted in removing from the front entry. Previous to this, Dr. Harlow told me all the patients had been removed who were alive.

JAMES P. WEEKS sworn. I have been employed at the Hospital seven years. Since April 1847 as supervisor of the male department. Not far from 3 o'clock on Wednesday morning, I was aroused by Mr. Smalley. I arose, and went immediately to his gallery, and found considerable smoke there. He asked me what to do. I told him to unlock his doors as quietly as possible, and let [the patients] into the verandah. I then went to the middle gallery of the same wing, and found smoke there. Then went to the gallery below. I stopped only long enough to look into the gallery. From thence I went to the office, and obtained the key to the door leading to the basement of the old south wing—unlocked the door, and went directly down to the air-chamber—opened the door in the north end, and entered the air-chamber. I discovered a fire about 10 or 15 feet from the door, above the steam pipes. The under floor of the gallery, and the floor timber, the whole width of the air-chamber, appeared to be on fire. I could not tell how far the fire extended south, on account of the smoke, and not stopping to examine. The whole side of the floor timber towards me was on fire. I did not observe the smoke pipe between me and the fire, and did not notice it at all. The fire had not extended upon the sides of the chamber. I had no impression as to the origin of the fire at the time, nor have I been able to form any opinion as to it since. When I opened the door of the chamber, I did not expect to find it on fire, but supposed the damper must be closed, and the smoke produced from that cause. The coal had begun to form upon the floor timber near the centre of the air chamber. I did not observe any other floor timber on fire. The fire on the floor was confined to the space between the timber on fire and the one immediately north of it, so far as I could perceive. The flames seemed to be drawn towards the flues on each side of the air chamber. The coal formation seemed to be mostly on the edge of the timber nearest to the floor, and the lower edge had not lost its straight-edge appearance. The space on fire was under the centre of the gallery. There was no chance for the fire to come from the gallery or sleeping rooms above the chamber. The fire was nearly opposite the chimney, or north of it. Thinking that with a little help I might extinguish the fire, I closed the door of the air-chamber, and repaired to the room of Dr. Harlow, to alarm him. Having done this, I again returned to the lower gallery, set the water in the bathing room running into the bathing-tub, for the purpose of obtaining water to throw into the flues. From the first flue north of the chimney, on the west side, smoke, sparks, and some flame were coming out. Into this flue I threw two or three pailfuls of water, having previously torn off the casings, that all the water might be received upon the fire. At the same time some one in the middle gallery was throwing water into the next flue south. The operations of both turned the fire into the third flue, which led to the upper gallery, and the interior of it was soon on fire. Being so busily engaged, I did not notice the flues on the south side of the chimney. Finding my efforts unavailing to check the fire, I left the gallery, having previously directed the attendant to unlock his doors and turn his patients into the verandah.

Going to the middle gallery, I met the attendant, who asked me what to do. I told him to take care of his patients. He said he wished the side door opened—that he had dropped the key, and could not find it. I then unlocked the door, and saw that all the side doors leading into the yard were unlocked. Going into the yard, I heard some one call from a window, and recognized the voice of Capt. Woodbury. I told him to be quiet, and I would release him. Through the new wing, I went to his room, took him from it, and conducted him to the verandah. Returning to the yard, I procured a ladder, placed it at one of the windows of the middle gallery, near the south end. Ascending the ladder, I broke the window, and took from it Nathaniel Evans. Seeing there was help enough to manage the ladders on this side, I went through the centre building to the front side, jumping from the kitchen window.

Here a ladder was raised to the upper gallery, and I ascended it, broke the window and took out Mr. Minot, and conveyed him to the ground. The ladder was then placed at another window in the same story, which I broke in and called. No one answered. I entered the window, and found a man upon the bed. Taking him up, I found he was nearly lifeless. Called for more help, and Mr. Holway came up the ladder to the window. I then took the man to the window, lifted him out, and placed him upon the shoulders of Holway, and with assistance from some one else, succeeded in taking him to the ground. While in the room, the smoke was almost insupportable, and I remained with the greatest difficulty. At this time three other ladders were in use, and men were engaged in removing patients through other windows in the same story. I then went to the bathing room, in the north west corner of the lower story, and found the bathing tub full and the water running over upon the floor. From thence I went to the front of the main building, and assisted in forcing open the front door with a ladder.

I then returned to the front of the old wing, where the man I had taken from the upper gallery, in an insensible state, was lying upon a matrass, and with the assistance of others, carried him into the entry of the main building. Attempted to enter the upper gallery from the main building, but was prevented by the smoke and heat. Then went to the clothing room, in the second story of the main building, of which I had the charge, and threw out clothing for the patients, directing it to be supplied to such as needed it. From thence, went to the east yard, passing through the lower dining room, then up the side stairs to the door of the middle gallery of the old south wing. Finding so much smoke that I could not enter, I went to the side door of the upper gallery, but was also prevented from entering by the smoke and heat. My object in going to these galleries was to ascertain if any patients were there to whom I could render assistance, and to listen, so that if any were alive, I might be directed by their cries to the rooms in which they might be, and release them by the windows.

Hearing nothing, I returned to the yard, and entered the new wing by the door upon the north side. Going to the entry of the middle gallery, I heard a noise resembling the feeble effort of some one lying upon the floor to break out the panel of the door with his feet. Entered the gallery, and made my calculation as nearly as possible as to which direction the noise proceeded from, and concluded it came from the Dormitory or near the Verandah. The smoke was very dense and hot. Going towards the point from which the noise came, and measuring my steps so as to know when I reached the door of the Dormitory or Verandah, and to be able to retreat, if forced to do so, holding my breath. Had advanced about 20 feet, when I was met by a volume of smoke mingled with fire, which forced me to turn suddenly. Almost suffocated, I halted for a moment to determine whether I could advance any farther, and slightly opening my mouth, instantly my lungs were entirely filled with what seemed to be a mass of gas or flame. The effect was such that I was forced to retreat as fast as possible, in doing which I missed the door leading to the entry and passed into a sleeping room. My strength and limbs were fast failing me, but retaining my consciousness, and knowing the locality of the room, with great effort I was able to reach the door leading to the entry. I reached the stairs, but here lost all consciousness. When it returned, I found myself in the yard, near the steps of the north door, lying across a wheelbarrow. For some time, I was not able to move, but after a little while, I got up and went to the front of the building. Finding I was unable to render any further assistance, and that I was rapidly failing in strength, I went to the stable, obtained a horse and wagon, and with difficulty reached the house of Thomas Robinson, and have not since been able to leave it.

When I directed the attendants to release the patients as quie ly as possible, by object was to prevent such of them as were easily excited from being alarmed. If I had given my attention immediately on being alarmed, to removing the patients, I do not think I could have rescued any more than I did. As soon as I became satisfied that my efforts to extinguish the fire were unavailing, I immediately gave my attention to relieving the patients.

Have never known of a fire in the Hospital previous to that by which it was burned; or any alarm of fire except once in a thunder storm when it was incorrectly supposed the building was struck by lightning. Have never known of any quarrel between any of the present attendants.

MOSES E. HAMLEN, sworn. I was employed by the Coroner to make an examination among the Hospital, for the discovery of any remains of persons who might have been burned at the fire at that place. With a gang of 16 or 17 men, I commenced excavating the rubbish on Tuesday afternoon last. Did not keep an account of the doorlocks which were found, but should think there might have been fifty, mostly in the old south wing—15 of them, as near as I can recollect were locked—in many of them, (the bolts of all the locks being of brass,) were melted out so that we could not determine whether they were locked or unlocked. In the old south wing, upon the west, in the first arch from the north, was found the remains of one body—in the 2d arch, two—in the 3d arch, one—in the 4th arch, three—in the 5th arch one—in the 6th arch, two. On the east side of the same wing in the 5th arch from the north, was found the remains of one body—in the 7th arch, two—in the 8th, one—in the 9th, one—in the 10th, one—in the 11th, one. In the pantry, under the verandah of the new wing, one body—in the basement, front of the boiler, one—at the foot of the cellar stairs, on the north side, one—under the third room from the verandah, on the north side of the new wing, one. Total 21. These remains have been exhibited to Dr. H. H. Hill, and pronounced by him to be the bones of human bodies. They are the same now exhibited to the jury. In the arch from which the remains of three bodies were taken, two locks only were found, both of which were locked.

RUEL WILLIAMS, sworn. I am one of the Trustees of the Hospital. When anything was to be done at the Hospital, unless it was some large job, it was entrusted to the Superintendent and Steward.

JOSHUA S. TURNER, recalled. I wish to correct testimony before sworn, as saying that the money appropriated by the Legislature in 1849, for the purpose of changing the manner of warming the old South wing, was applied in the manner as expounded under the direction of the Superintendent, and that the same was so expended.

Verdict of the Jury.

An inquisition taken at Augusta within the county of Kennebec, commencing on the fifth day of December in the year 1850 and continued to the seventeenth day of the same month, before ORRIN ROWE, Esq., one of the Coroners of said county upon view of the body of Wm. G. Linscott of Bangor, and the relics of 27 other bodies supposed to be those of the following named persons:—John Foster, of Machias Port; Joseph Armstrong, of Gardiner; James Wyman, of Readfield; Abram Richards, of Camden; Eben'r Willis, of Gorham; Ephraim McLellan, of Thomaston; Wm. Pineo, of Jonesboro'; Rufus Hodsdon, of Brewer; Charles Harlow, of Bangor; Francis Dennison, of Portland; John McVay, of do; Joshua Norwood of Bangor; Albert Fuller of Jay; James Barry of Portland; Elisha Atkins of Exeter; Nathaniel Wilson of Cherryfield; Samuel Pierce of Bath; James Kinsell of Waldoboro'; George Dennett of Standish; Joshua Heath of Augusta; Ebenezer Blake of Portland; Jonathan Carriel of Hope; Nathaniel Flint of Portland; Bela Jacobs of Camden; Jacob McKenzie of Mt. Desert; James Green of Topsham; Henry Jones of Fayette; there lying dead by the oaths of Robert A. Cony of Augusta, John H. Hartwell, do. James W. North, do. James A. Thompson, do. Sylvanus Caldwell, Jr. do. William R. Smith do. Williams Emmons of Hallowell, Andrew Masters do. John D. Gardner of Gardiner, George W. Bachelder do, Oliver Bean of Readfield, Joab Harriman of Clinton—good and lawful men—who being charged and sworn to inquire for the State, when, how, and by what means the said persons came to their death, upon their oaths say:

That all the said persons, except the said Linscott, came to their death on the morning of December 4th, 1850, by suffocation by smoke, from a fire in the Maine Insane Hospital; and that the said Linscott came to his death from the same cause, at the House of Joshua S. Turner, on the following day, having been taken from the hospital during the fire, in an insensible condition.

The jurors further find that the death of the aforesaid persons was caused by accident.

They further find that the fire originated, at about 3 o'clock on the morning of Dec. 4, 1850, in the air chamber in the basement of the old south wing, on a floor-timber, near the elbow of the smoke-pipe of the furnace, where it changed from a perpendicular to a horizontal position, in passing towards the chimney; and do not find any other proximate cause of ignition than the said smoke-pipe.

They further find that the materials of which the air chamber was composed, and the mode of its construction, and that of the warming apparatus, were unsafe.

The jurors are of opinion that there was a sufficient supply of water in the cisterns of the hospital, to have saved the main building and new south wing, in case suitable provision had been made to reach the water from the outside.

They are further of opinion that the officers and assistants of the hospital are deserving of commendation for their exertions in relieving the patients from their perilous condition, and that no efforts on their part could have preserved a greater number than were rescued.

In testimony whereof, the said Coroner, and the jurors of this inquest, have hereunto set their hands and seals, this seventeenth day of December, A. D. 1850.

ORRIN ROWE, Coroner.
ROBERT A. CONY, Foreman.
JOHN H. HARTWELL,
JAMES W. NORTH,
JAMES A. THOMPSON,
SYLVANUS CALDWELL, Jr.
WM. R. SMITH,
WILLIAMS EMMONS,
ANDREW MASTERS,
JOHN E. GARDNER,
GEO. W. BACHELDER,
OLIVER BEAN,
JOAB HARRIMAN.

FIRE. The large house situated on Alfred street in Biddeford, generally known as Leavitt's Octagon, was discovered to be on fire about one o'clock on Tuesday morning. The fire had made considerable progress when discovered, so much as to render the efforts to save the house unavailing. It was burned to the ground with a double cottage house adjoining. The houses were situated at the head of Alfred street, the Biddeford Heights, where water was not easily obtained. The houses were both owned by Francis Leavitt, who is now in California, and were insured for $1700. They were valued at about $3000. Capt. James Smith, Jr., of Biddeford was struck on the side by a fire-hook, and was seriously, though not dangerously injured. [Saco Union.

FIRE IN MERCER. We learn from Capt. A. Whitcomb of Mercer, that the dwelling house and out buildings of Mr. Joshua Young in that town were entirely destroyed by fire on Thursday morning about 6 o'clock. The fire originated in the barn, and was communicated by a light carried by Mr. Young. Loss about $1000. Partially insured. [Banner.

AUGUSTA PRICES CURRENT,
CORRECTED WEEKLY.

Flour,	5 25 @ 7 25	Round Hogs,	5 50 @ 6 50
Beans,	1 10 @ 1 40	Clear Salt Pork,	8 @ 10
Corn,	75 @ 83	Dried Apples,	4 @ 5
Oats,	33 @ 35	Cooking do.	20 @ 30
Wheat,	1 00 @ 1 50	Winter do.	40 @ 50
Rye,	70 @ 80	Potatoes,	50 @ 55
Butter,	12 @ 15	Clover Seed,	12 @ 14
Lard,	9 @ 10	Flax Seed,	1 00 @ 1 00
Cheese,	6 @ 8	H. Grass,	2 75 @ 3 00
Mutton,	3 @ 4	Red Top,	75 @ 80
Chickens,	6 @ 8	Hay, loose,	6 00 @ 7 00
Geese,	5 @ 6	Lime,	80 @ 85
Eggs,	15 @ 16	Fleece Wool	30 @ 35
Corn Meal,	75 @ 80	Pulled do.	35 @ 38
Rye Meal,	70 @ 80	Lambskins,	50 @ 95

BRIGHTON MARKET, Dec. 19.

At Market, 1160 Beef Cattle, 16 pairs Working Oxen, 37 Cows and Calves, 5000 Sheep, and 550 Swine.

BEEF CATTLE.—We quote extra, $6 00; first quality, $5 75 @ $6 00; second quality, $5 50 @ $5 75; third quality, $4 50 @ $4 75.

WORKING OXEN.—Sales at $70, 78, $92.

COWS AND CALVES.—Sales from $21 to $27.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Sales from $1 75 to $2 50. Extra lots, $3 50 @ $4 25.

SWINE.—Lots to peddle, 4½ for Sows, and 5½ for Barrows. At retail, from 4½ to 6c.

BOSTON MARKET, Dec. 23.

FLOUR.—Sales of Genesee, common brands, $5 00 @ $5 25; fancy brands, $5 37½ @ $5 75; Ohio and Michigan, $4 87½ @ $4 75; St. Louis, $4 37½ @ $4 50.

GRAIN.—Sales of yellow flat Corn, 67 @ 68c; white, 65 @ 66c. Northern Oats, 44 @ 46; Eastern, 41 @ 42c; Delaware, 42 @ 44c Rye, 83c per bushel, cash.

HAY.—Country Hay, per 100 lbs., 65 @ 70c. Screwed Hay, per cargo per ton, $11 00 @ $12 00; at retail, per hundred, 75 @ 80c.

E. B. SIMONTON,

General Newspaper Collecting Agent. Residence at Brown's Corner, Me. Office with A. R. NICHOLS Augusta.

Mr. S. is authorized to receive money due for the Maine Farmer. 44

Bliss' Compound Cod Liver Oil Candy.

This well known remedy, combined with other valuable ingredients, is composed mainly of pure Cod Liver Oil, the combination being effected in such a manner as completely to disguise the repulsive taste of the oil, and still not to detract from its medicinal qualities Who will say that a great desideratum has not been accomplished by the inventor? and who shall say that he is not deserving of all honor for his efforts to provide a remedy for coughs, colds, &c.? But the purchaser must see to it that he does not purchase a counterfeit. Inquire for Bliss' Candy, and receive no other. For sale by

Prepared only by B. K. BLISS, Druggist, Springfield, Mass., inventor and sole proprietor. Price 25 cents a package. A. B. & D. SANDS, General Agents for New York. REDDING & CO., General Agents for New England. For sale by EBEN FULLER, Augusta. 1w

Valuable Testimony.

The annexed statement of Professor A. A. Hayes, State Assayer, and a distinguished Analytic Chemist, is the most satisfactory evidence of the medicinal virtues and scientific combination of the articles used in the Oxygenated Bitters and commends the medicine to all who suffer from Dyspepsia, Asthma, or General Debility.

Lowell, Feb. 1, 1848. *Messrs. Stimpson, Reed & Co*: Gentlemen:—In reply to your inquiry, I state that the composition and mode of preparing the Oxygenated Bitters, have been made known to me by Mr. Gow, the proprietor. The medicinal articles used are those prescribed by the most eminent physicians, for the relief from and cure of the diseases for which these Bitters have been so successfully used The combining of them is in accordance with chemical rules, securing the efficacy of each; and the compound seems to have resulted from extended observations in medical practice. A. A. HAYES, State Assayer.

REED, BATES & AUSTIN, Wholesale Druggists, No. 26 Merchants' Row, Boston, General Agents. For sale by DILLINGHAM & TITCOMB, Augusta. Price $1 per bottle; six bottles for $5. 2w51

LAST RESORT.

Last spring I was importuned by a friend from Bangor, to make application to DOCTOR POLLARD, who was then a resident of that city, and obtain some of his Medicines, which he said would certainly cure me of that terrible and most distressing complaint, the Piles, with which I had suffered for thirty-five years, preventing me, a great portion of my time, from attending to my ordinary business of life. Having spent so much money for that complaint, all to no purpose, I was faithless, and let the matter rest until I saw a notice in the Banner that the Doctor had taken up his residence in the city of Portland. On the 4th of July last, I called at Dr. Pollard's Office, in Portland, and stated my case to him. He at once offered to cure me for a certain sum named or charge me nothing if a cure was not effected. Finally I concluded to take the Medicine upon my own risk, for which I paid $10.25. I am now happy to state that I am a well man, and have reason to believe that I am permanently cured. I have performed more hard labor for the four last months than I have been able to perform for the last four years. I have also witnessed his success in many other cases among my acquaintances. Dr. Pollard does not claim to cure all diseases, but such as he undertakes he certainly meets with great success. I therefore do not hesitate to recommend him as a gentleman of skill and strict integrity, and advise those troubled with such complaints as have baffled the skill of others, to give him a call before it is too late.

ISAAC N. PRESCOTT.

Monmouth, Nov. 15, 1850. 3m51

AUGUSTA LYCEUM.

Lecture on FRIDAY Evening, 27th, by the Rev SYLVESTER JUDD. Subject—*The Pilgrim Fathers*. To commence at 7½ o'clock.

WM. P. M. MEANS, Sec'y.

Hymeneal.

Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower;
The world was sad!—the garden was a wild;
And man, the hermit, sighed—till woman smiled!

In this city, on Thanksgiving eve, by the Rev. Mr Judd, EDWARD WALCUTT, Esq, of Natick, Mass., to Mrs. HANNAH P. HENRY.

In this city, December 22d, by Asaph R. Nichols, Esq., Mr. JOHN SAFFORD of Hallowell, to Mrs. MELINDA Y. GOODWIN

In Gardiner, December 18, Mr. HENRY L. WESTON, one of the Publishers of the Cold Water Fountain, to Miss CAROLINE H. McCURDY.

In Manchester, N. H., 29th ult., Mr. JAS. W. HATCH to Miss ELIZA S. HOWE.

In Norridgewock, Dec. 5, Mr. JOTHAM S. LONGLEY to Mrs. ELIZABETH L. PARLIN, daughter of Mark S. Blunt, Esq.

In Albion, by Rev. S. S. Nason, Mr. WM. PAUL to Mrs. SUSAN EMERSON, both of Benton.

In Monmouth, December 15th, by the Rev. Walter Foss, Mr. JAPHETH J. SHOREY to Miss FRANCES E. SWIFT.

In North Waldoboro', December 15th, by Reuben Orff, Esq., Mr. JAS. T. OLIVER of Nobleboro', to Miss CATHARINE BORNHEIMER.

In Waterville, Mr. ALBION C. LIBBY to Miss ROSANNA B. ROYAL.

In Lewiston, Mr. NELSON F. PAUL to Miss FRANCES O. CLARK; Mr. GEO. W. HASKELL of Danville, to Miss SOPHIA J. RICKER of Greene.

In Harrison, Mr. JAMES THING of Winchester, Mass. to Miss SARAH H. FOGG.

In Ellsworth, Mr. GEO. H. DAVIS to Miss MARGARET VAUGHAN.

Obituary.

Spirit! thy labor is o'er,
Thy term of probation is run,
Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore,
And the race of immortals begun.

In this city, December 19th, ELIZABETH BRANCH, daughter of Palmer and Betsey Branch, aged 22.

In China, December 22, BETSEY LOW, wife of Arthur Low, aged 57.

In Whitefield, CLYNTHIA FISKE of Readfield, aged about 66.

In Charleston, December 14th, STEPHEN LOWRY, JR., aged 19.

In Starks, Oct. 22d, JERUSHA FREDERICK, widow of Joseph Frederick, aged 100 years and 3 mos.

In Norridgewock, Dea. JOHN LORING, aged about 70; JOHN H. CHILDS, aged 27.

In Bloomfield, CLARA PRATT, daughter of Amasa Pratt, aged 14.

In Greene, BETSEY STODDARD, wife of Russell Stoddard, aged 65; JANE BARRIS, wife of Nathaniel Barris, Esq., aged 59.

In Wales, Col. JOSEPH FOSS.

In Camden, DANIEL BARRETT, aged 90.

In Norway, MARY POTTLE, *wife* of Daniel Pottle, aged 44.

In Exeter, BETSEY WALKER, wife of Geo. Walker, aged 77.

In Farmington, ABIGAIL RICE, widow of the late Richard Rice, aged 85; RUFUS CORBETT, aged 77.

In Jay, MARY ROWELL, wife of Col. John Rowell.

In Orono. ELIPHALET PERKINS, JR., aged about 60.

In Belfast, JOHN SHEPARD, aged 80; EZRA HALL, aged 37.

In Mechanicsburg, Ohio, MARY ANN BUNKER, wife of David Y. Bunker, late of Exeter, N. H., aged about 20.

A GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE.
WASHINGTON!
From Stuart's Most Celebrated Painting.

THIS large and magnificent Portrait of Washington, from the burin of an American Artist, is considered by all who have seen it to be one of the most beautiful specimens of art ever published and a CORRECT LIKENESS of WASHINGTON. The size of the Plate is 18 by 28 inches, which will make a handsome Picture for the Parlor, and should be in the hands of every American citizen.

It is a correct copy from Stuart's celebrated original Painting, now at the State House, Hartford, Conn.

It is finely engraved, and printed on superior plate paper. That it may be within the means of all, the publisher has reduced the price to ONE DOLLAR!

All persons remitting the amount may rely upon receiving a perfect copy by return of mail to any part of the United States, carefully put up on rollers made for the purpose, free of postage.

Address all orders, post paid, to the publisher.

JOHN S. TAYLOR,
3t52 Bookseller and Publisher, New York.

Floor Oil Cloth Factory for Sale,

ON THE MOST FAVORABLE TERMS. For particulars enquire of the subscriber. C. M. BAILEY.
Winthrop, 10th, 12th mo, 1850. 3t52

THERMOMETERS.—A good assortment of Thermometers for sale low by 52 EBEN FULLER.

KENNEBEC, ss.—At a Court of Probate, held at Augusta, within and for the County of Kennebec, on the 4th Monday of December, A. D. 1850.

SALMON RICKARDS, JR., Guardian of Horace, Martin, Zenira, Wallace, Lovina, Convers D., Laura Ann and Jacob Stevens, of Greene, in said county, minors, having presented his second account of Guardianship of said Wards, for allowance:

ORDERED, That the said Guardian give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Maine Farmer, printed at Aug

The Muse.

Written for the Maine Farmer.

TO THE MEMORY OF C. H. C.

BY MISS HARRIET WOODS.

A hue of sorrow cast its shade
Upon a household band,
For one, their first-born, cherished one,
Had sought a distant land.
They vainly hoped, and sought to win
The wandering one to stay;
But Fate's stern finger, pointing thence,
Impelled him on his way.

Months sped, and through the weary hours
Watched eyes, with tears grown dim,
And hearts, with loneliness grown sad,
Waited and hoped for him.
He came—and with him brought for them
A meed of joy untold,
And from the far Pacific's shore,
His gathered hoard of gold.

And brought (oh, sorrow follows joy!)
Disease, too deeply placed,
For on that form were lines of death,
With iron finger traced.
They watched the color leave his cheek,
The lustre leave his eye;
He only reached his native land
To fade away and die.

A stricken sire in sorrow mourns
O'er blighted hopes of years,
And she, who o'er his childhood watched,
Is bowed with grief and tears.
And they who with him shared the joys
Of life's bright, opening morn,
How in the household chain they miss
The one bright link that's gone.

And one, the loved,—to whom his heart,
His hopes, his life were given,
Whose presence made an earthly home
Seem next to bliss to heaven:
Oh! how on her this blight hath fell—
Her star of shining light
Quenched in the darkness of the grave,
Leaving a rayless night!

Vainly, they listen for his step
When evening shadows fall,
His step and voice they hear no more—
He answers not their call.
Oh, earth, for sorrow such as theirs,
No healing balm hath given:
The soothing fount, whose waters cheer,
Floweth alone from heaven.

There, loved and parted ones may hope,
Through Him who died to save,
To meet and dwell on that bright shore,
Whose verdure hides no grave;
And gather up the parted links
Of love's frail, broken chain,
And in the light of hope and joy,
Forevermore remain!

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

BY ALEXANDER SMART.

Why flies the time so fast?
Days, months, and years glide by,
And each looks shorter than the last,
And swifter seems to fly;
On viewless wing still rushing on,
To join the flight of ages gone,
Their silent course they ply.

It seemed, when we were young,
Time lingered on the way,
Fair hope, like any syren, sung
The live-long summer day—
Oh! sweetly sung of promised bliss,
Too bright for such a world as this—
Too beautiful to stay.

And then the winter night,
So lively and so long,
When round the fireside, blazing bright,
Went merriment and song;
Long were the hours—for we were then
Impatient to be happy men.
And join the busy throng.

Hope's radiance in the heart,
In youth supremely blest,
Can transitory joys impart,
The brightest and the best.
The ills of life come all too soon;
And why should clouds obscure the morn
That warms the youthful breast?

When life's young dream is o'er,
And fancy's fires decay,
And hope's illusions charm no more,
Nor chide the lingering day,
Then Time sweeps on with winged speed,
Or, like a thief, with noiseless tread
Steals all our years away.

Fled like a dream's the past,
The joyous banquet o'er,
Our longing looks we backward cast,
And think on days of yore:
Brood o'er each scene in joy or woe,
Till we grow old—before we know
That we are young no more.

The Story-Teller.

THE VOLUNTEER COUNSEL.

A Tale of John Taylor.

We copy the following, says the Evening Bulletin, from the N. Y. Times. The subject of it, John Taylor, was licensed, when a youth of twenty-one, to practice at the bar of Philadelphia. He was poor, but well-educated, and possessed extraordinary genius. The grace of his person, combined with his superiority of intellect, enabled him to win the hand of a fashionable beauty. Twelve months afterwards the husband was employed by a wealthy firm of the city, to go on a mission as land-agent to the West. As a heavy salary was offered, Taylor bade farewell to his wife and infant son. He wrote back every week, but received not a line in answer. Six months elapsed, when the husband received a letter from his employers that explained all. Shortly after his departure for the West, the wife and her father moved to Mississippi. There she immediately obtained a divorce by an act of the Legislature, and to complete the climax of cruelty and wrong, had the name of Taylor's son changed to Marks—that of her second matrimonial partner! This perfidy nearly drove Taylor insane. His career, from that period became eccentric in the last degree; sometimes he preached, sometimes he plead at the bar; until, at last, a fever carried him off at a comparatively early age.

At an early hour on the 6th of April, 1840, the court-house in Clarksville, Texas, was crowded to overflowing. Save in the war-times past, there had never been witnessed such a gathering in Red River county, while the strong feeling, apparent on every flushed face throughout the assembly, betokened some great occasion. A concise narrative of facts will sufficiently explain the matter.

About the close of 1839, George Hopkins, one of the most wealthy and influential men of Northern Texas, offered a gross insult to Mary Elleston, the young and beautiful wife of his chief overseer. The husband threatened to chastise him for the outrage, whereupon Hopkins loaded his gun, went to Elleston's house, and shot him in his own door. The murderer was arrested, and bailed to answer the charge. The occurrence produced intense excitement; and Hopkins, in order to turn the tide of popular opinion, or at least to mitigate the general wrath, which at first was violent against him, circulated reports infamously prejudicial to the character of the woman who had already suffered such cruel wrong at his hands. She brought her suit for slander. And thus two causes, one criminal, and the other civil, and both out of the same tragedy, were pending in the April Circuit Court for 1840.

The interest naturally felt by the community as to the issue, became far deeper when it was known that Ashley & Pike, of Arkansas, and the celebrated S. S. Prentiss, of New Orleans, each with enormous fees, had been retained by Hopkins for his defence.

The trial, on the indictment for murder, ended on the 8th of April, with the acquittal of Hopkins. Such a result might well have been forseen, by comparing the talents engaged on either side. The Texan Lawyers were utterly overwhelmed by the argument and eloquence of their opponents. It was a fight of dwarfs against giants.

The slander suit was set for the 9th, and the throng of spectators grew in numbers as well as excitement; and what may seem strange, the current of public sentiment now ran decidedly for Hopkins. His money had procured pointed witnesses, who served most efficiently his powerful advocates. Indeed, so triumphant had been the previous day, that when the slander case was called, Mary Elleston was left without an attorney—they had all withdrawn. The pigmy pettifoggers dared not brave again the sharp wit of Pike and the scathing thunder of Prentiss.

"Have you no counsel?" inquired Judge Mills, looking kindly at the plaintiff.

"No, Sir; they have all deserted me, and I am too poor to employ any more," replied the beautiful Mary, bursting into tears.

"In such a case will not some chivalrous member of the profession volunteer?" asked the judge, glancing around the bar.

The thirty lawyers were silent as death.

Judge Mills repeated the question.

"I will, your honor," said a voice from the thickest part of the crowd, situated behind the bar. At the tones of that voice many started half way from their seats, and perhaps there was not a heart in the immense throng that did not beat something quicker, it was so unearthly sweet, clear, ringing, and mournful.

The first sensation, however, was changed into general laughter, when a tall, gaunt, spectral figure, that nobody present remembered ever to have seen before, elbowed his way through the crowd and placed himself within the bar. His appearance was a problem to puzzle the sphinx herself. His high, pale brow, and small, nervously-twitching face seemed alive with the concentrated essence and cream of genius; but then his infantine blue eyes, hardly visible beneath their massive arches, looking dim, dreary, almost unconscious; and his clothes were so exceedingly shabby that the court hesitated to let the cause proceed under his management.

"Has your name been entered on the rolls of the State?" demanded the Judge, suspiciously.

"It is immaterial about my name's being on your rolls," answered the stranger, his thin, bloodless lips curling into a fiendish sneer. "I may be allowed to appear once by the courtesy of the court and bar. Here is my license from the highest tribunal in America, and he handed Judge Mills a board parchment. The trial immediately went on.

In the examination of witnesses the stranger evinced but little ingenuity, as was commonly thought. He suffered each one to tell his own story, without interruption, though he contrived to make each one tell it over two or three times. He put few cross-questions, which, with keen witnesses, only served to correct mistakes; and he made no notes, which, in mighty memories, always tend to embarrass. The examination being ended, as counsel for the plaintiff he had a right to the opening speech, as well as the close; but to the astonishment of every one he declined the former, and allowed the defense to lead off. Then a shadow might have been observed to flit across the fine features of Pike, and to darken even the bright eyes of Prentiss. They saw that they had caught a Tartar! but who it was, or how it happened, was impossible to guess.

Col. Ashley spoke first. He dealt the jury a dish of that close, dry logic, which, years afterwards, rendered him famous in the Senate of the Union.

The poet, Albert Pike, followed with a rich rain of wit, and a hail torrent of caustic ridicule, in which you may be sure the plaintiff's ragged attorney was neither forgotten nor spared.

The great Prentiss concluded for the defense with a glow of gorgeous words, brilliant as a shower of falling stars, and with a final erust of oratory that brought the house down in cheers, in which the sworn jury themselves joined, notwithstanding the stern "order!" of the bench. Thus wonderfully susceptible are the south-western people to the charms of impassioned eloquence.

It was then the stranger's turn. He had remained apparently abstracted during all the previous speeches. Still, and straight, and motionless in his seat, his pale smooth forehead shooting up high like a mountain cone of snow; but for that eternal twitch which came and went perpetually in his sallow cheeks, you would have taken him for a mere man of marble, or a human form carved in ice. Even his dim, dreamy eyes were invisible beneath those gray, shaggy eyebrows.

But now at last he rises—before the bar railing, not behind it—and so near the wondering jury that he might touch the foreman with his long, bony fingers. With eyes still half shut, and standing rigid as a pillar of iron, his thin lips curl as if in measureless scorn, slightly part, and the voice comes forth. At first it is low and sweet, insinuating itself through the brain as an artless tune, winding its way into the deepest heart like the melody of a magic incantation; while the speaker proceeds without a gesture or the least sign of excitement to tear in pieces the argument of Ashley, which melts away at his touch as frost before the sunbeam. Every one looked surprised. His logic was at once so luminously clear that the rudest peasant could comprehend it without effort.

Anon, he came to the dazzling wit of the poet—lawyer, Pike. Then the curl of his lip grew sharper; his sallow face kindled up; and his eyes began to open, dim and dreamy no longer, but vivid as lightning, red as fire-globes, and glaring like twinkling meteors. The whole soul was in the eye—the full heart streamed out on his face. In five minutes Pike's wit seemed the foam of folly, and his finest satire horrible profanity, when contrasted with the inimitable sallies and exterminating sarcasms of the stranger, interspersed with jest and anecdote that filled the forum with roars of laughter.

Then, without so much as bestowing an allusion on Prentiss, he turned short on the perjured witnesses of Hopkins, tore their testimony into atoms, and hurled in their faces such terrible invective that all trembled as with an ague, and two of them actually fled dismayed from the court-house.

The excitement of the crowd was becoming tremendous. Their united life and soul appeared to hang on the burning tongue of the stranger. He inspired them with the powers of his own passion. He saturated them with the poison of his own malicious feelings. He seemed to have stolen nature's long hidden secret of attraction. He was the sun to the sea of all thought and emotion, which rose and fell and boiled in billows, as he chose. But his greatest triumph was to come.

His eyes began to glare furtively at the assassin, Hopkins, as his lean, taper finger assumed the same direction. He hemmed the wretch around with a circumvallation of strong evidence and impregnable argument, cutting off all hope of escape. He piled up huge bastions of insurmountable facts. He dug beneath the murderer and slanderer's feet ditches of dilemma, such as no sophistry could overleap, and no stretch of ingenuity evade; and having, as one might say, impounded the victim, and girt him about like a scorpion in a circle of fire, he stripped himself to the work of massacre.

Oh, then—but it was a vision both glorious and dreadful to behold the orator; his action, before graceful as the waves of a golden willow in the breeze, grew impetuous as the motion of an oak in a hurricane. His voice became a trumpet filled with wild whirlwinds, deafening the ear with crashes of power, intermingled all the while with a sweet undertone of the softest cadence. His face was red as a drunkard's—his forehead glowed like a heated furnace—his countenance looked haggard like that of a maniac; and ever and anon he flung his long, bony arm on high, as if grasping after thunderbolts. He drew a picture of murder in such appalling colors, that in comparison hell itself might be considered beautiful. He painted the slanderer so black, that the sun seemed dark at noonday when shining on such an accursed monster; and then he fixed both portraits on the shrinking brow of Hopkins, and he nailed them there forever. The agitation of the audience nearly amounted to madness.

All at once the speaker descended from his perilous height. His voice wailed out for the murdered dead, and described the sorrows of the widowed living—the beautiful Mary, more beautiful every moment, as her tears flowed faster—till men wept, and lovely women sobbed like children.

He closed by a stranger exhortation to the jury, and through them to the bystanders. He entreated the panel, after they should bring in their verdict for the plaintiff not to offer violence to the defendant, however richly he might deserve it; in other words, "not lynch the villain, Hopkins, but leave his punishment to God." This was the most artful trick of all, and the best calculated to insure vengeance.

The jury rendered a verdict for fifty thousand dollars; and the night afterwards Hopkins was taken out of his bed by lynchers, and beaten almost to death.

As the court adjourned, the stranger made known his name, and called the attention of the people, with the announcement—"John Taylor will preach here this evening at early candle light."

The crowd, of course, all turned out, and Taylor's sermon equalled, if it did not surpass, the splendor of his forensic effort. This is no exaggeration. I have listened to Clay, Webster, and Calhoun—to Dewy, Tying, and Bascomb, but have never heard anything in the form of sublime words even remotely approximating the eloquence of John Taylor—massive as a mountain, and wildly rushing as a cataract of fire. And this is the opinion of all who ever heard this marvellous man.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

Several years ago I was travelling between Berwick and Selkirk, and having started at the crowing of the cock, I had left Melrose before four in the afternoon. On arriving at Abbotsford, I perceived a Highland soldier, apparently fatigued as myself, leaning upon a walking stick, and gazing on the fair palace of the magician whose wand is since broken, but whose magic still remains. I am no particular disciple of Lavater's, yet the man carried his soul upon his face, and we were friends at the first glance. He wore a plain Highland bonnet, and a coarse gray coat buttoned to the throat. His dress bespoke him to belong only to the ranks, but there was a dignity in his manner, and a fire, a glowing language in his eyes, worthy of a chieftain. His height might exceed five feet nine, and his age was about thirty. The traces of manly beauty were still upon his cheeks; but the sun of a western hemisphere had tinged them with a sallow hue, and imprinted upon them untimely furrows.

Our conversation related chiefly to the classical scenery around us, and we had journeyed pleasantly together for two or three miles, when we arrived at a little sequestered burial-ground by the way side near which there was neither church nor dwelling. Its low wall was thinly covered with turf, and we sat down upon it to rest. My companion became silent and melancholy, and his eyes wandered anxiously among the graves.

"Here," said he, "sleep some of my father's children, who died in infancy."

He picked up a stone from the ground, and throwing it gently about ten yards—"That," added he, "is the very spot. But thank God! no grave stone has been raised in my absence! It is a token I shall find my parents living; and (continued he with a sigh) may I also find their love! It is hard air, when the heart of a parent is turned against his child."

He dropped his head upon his shoulders for a few moments, and was silent; and hastily raising his forefingers to his eyes, seemed to dash away a solitary tear—then turning to me, he continued:

"You may think, sir, this is a weakness in a soldier, but human hearts beat beneath a red coat. My father, whose name is Campbell, and who was brought from Argyleshire, while young, is a wealthy farmer in this neighborhood. Twelve years ago, I loved a being gentle as the light of a summer moon. We were children together, and she grew in beauty on my sight as the star of evening steals into glory through the twilight. But she was poor and portionless, the daughter of a shephard. Our attachment offended my father. He commanded me to leave her forever. I could not and he turned me from his house. I wandered I know not, I cared not whither. But I will not detain you with my history. In my utmost need I met a sergeant of the forty-second, who was then upon the recruiting service, and in a few weeks I joined that regiment of proud hearts. I was at Brussels when the invitation to the wolf and the raven rang at midnight through the streets. It was the herald of a day of glory and of death. There was three Highland regiments of us—three joined in one—joined in revelry, in love and in purpose, and thank fate! I was present when the Scotch Greys, flying to our aid, raised the electric shout, "Scotland forever!" "Scotland forever!" returned our tartaned clansmen. "Scotland forever!" reverberated as from the hearts we had left behind us; and "Scotland forever," re-echoed "Victory!" Heavens," added he, starting to his feet and grasping his staff, as the enthusiasm of the past came rushing back upon his soul, "to have joined in that shout was to live an eternity in the vibration of a pendulum!"

In a few moments the animated soul that gave eloquence to his tongue drew itself back into the channels of humanity, and resuming his seat upon the low wall, he continued—

"I left my own regiment with the prospect of promotion, and have since served in the West Indies; but I have heard nothing of my father—nothing, of my mother—nothing of her I love."

While he was yet speaking, the grave digger with his pickaxe and spade over his shoulder, entered the ground. He approached within a few yards of where we sat. He measures off a narrow piece of earth—it encircled the little stone which the soldier had thrown to mark out the burial place of his family. Convulsions rushed over the features of my companion; he shivered, he grasped my arm—his lips quivered—his breathings became short and loud—the cold sweat trickled from his temples. He sprang over the wall—rushed towards the spot.

"Man!" he exclaimed in agony, "whose grave is that?"

"Hoot! awa wi ye," said the grave digger, starting back at his manner; "what a way is that to gliff a body! Are ye daft!"

"Answer me," cried the soldier, seizing his hand, "whose grave is that?"

"Mercy me!" replied the man of death—"ye are surely out o' your head. It's an auld body they ca'd Adam Campbell's grave. Now are ye ony the wiser for apierin?"

"My father!" cried my comrade, as I approached him; and, clasping his hands together, he bent his head upon my shoulder and wept aloud.

I will not dwell upon the painful scene. During his absence, adversity had given his fortune to the wind, and he had died in a humble cottage, unlamented and unnoticed by the friends of his prosperity.

At the request of my fellow-traveller, I accompanied him to the house of mourning. Two or three poor cottagers sat around the fire. The coffin, with the lid open, lay across the table near the window. A few white hairs fell over the whiter face of the deceased, which seemed to indicate that he died from sorrow, rather than from age. The son pressed his lips to the father's cheek. He groaned in spirit and was troubled. He raised his head in agony, and in voice almost inarticulate with grief, exclaimed, enquiringly, "My mother!"

The wondering peasants started to their feet, and in silence, pointed to a lowly bed. He hastened forward—he fell on his knees by the bedside.

"My mother, O, my mother! he exclaimed—do not you, too, leave me! Look at me I am your own son—your Willie. Have you, too, forgot me, mother!"

She too lay upon her death bed, and the tide of life was fast ebbing; but the remembered voice of her beloved son drove it back for a moment. She opened her eyes—she attempted to raise her feeble hand, and it fell upon his head. She spoke, but he alone knew the words that she uttered. They seemed accents of mingled anguish, of joy and of blessing.

For several minutes he bent over the bed and wept bitterly. He held her withered hand in his; he started and as we approached him, the hand he held was stiff and lifeless. He wept no longer—he gazed from the dead body of his mother to that of his father—his eyes wandered wildly from one to the other—he smote his hand upon his brow and threw himself upon a chair, while misery transfixed him, as if a thunder-bolt had entered his soul.

I will not give a description of the melancholy funeral and the solitary mourner. The father's obsequies were delayed and the son laid both his parents in the same grave.

Several months passed away before I gained information respecting the sequel of my little story. After his parents were laid in the dust, William Campbell, with a sad and anxious heart made enquiries after Jeanie Leslie, the object of his early affections, to whom I have alluded. For several weeks his search was fruitless. At length he learned that property had been left to her father by a distant relative, and that he now resided somewhere in Dumfrieshire.

In the same garb which I have already described, the soldier set out upon his journey. With little difficulty he discovered the house. It resembled such as are occupied by the higher class of farmers. The door stood open. He knocked, but no one answered. He approached along the passage—he heard voices in an apartment on the right—again he knocked but was unheeded. He entered uninvited. A small group was standing in the middle of the floor, and among them a minister, commencing the marriage service of the Scottish Church. The bride hung her head sorrowfully and tears were stealing down her cheeks; she was his own Jeanie Leslie. The clergyman paused. The bride's father stepped forward angrily and enquired "What do you want, sir!" but instantly recognizing his features, he seized him by the breast, and in a voice half choked with passion, continued, "Sorrow tak' ye for a scoundrel! what's brought ye here—an' the mair especially at a time like this! Get out o' my house. Sir, I say, Willie Campbell, get out o' my house, an' ne'er darken my door again wi' your ne'er-do-weel countenance!"

A sudden shriek followed the mention of his name, and Jeanie Leslie fell into the arms of her bridesmaid.

"Peace, Mr. Leslie," said the soldier, pushing aside the old man. "Since matters are thus, I will only stop to say farewell, for auld lang syne. You cannot deny me that."

He passed towards the object of his young love. She spoke not—she moved not; he took her hand, but she seemed unconscious of what he did; and as he gazed upon her beautiful countenance, absence became as a dream upon her face. The very language he had acquired during their separation was laid aside. Nature triumphed over art, and he addressed her in the accents in which he had first breathed his love and won her heart.

"Jeanie," said he, pressing her hand between his, "it's a sair thing to say farewell, but I maun say it. This is a scene I never expected to see; for O, Jeanie I could have trusted to your love, as the farmer trusts to seed time and harvest and is not disappointed. O, Jeanie, woman this is like separating the flesh from the bones, and burning the marrow! But ye maun be anither's now. Farewell, farewell!"

"No, no, my ain Willie!" she exclaimed, recovering from the agony of stupefaction; "my hand is still free, and my heart has aye been yours; save me, Willie, save me!" and she threw herself into his arms.

The bridegroom looked from one to another imploring them to commence an attack upon the intruder, but he looked in vain. The father again seized the old gray coat of the soldier, and almost rending it in twain, discovered underneath, to the astonished company the richly laced uniform of a British officer. He dropped the fragment of the outer garments in wonder, and at the same time dropped his wrath, exclaiming, "Mr. Campbell, will you explain yourself!"

A few words explained all. The bridegroom, a wealthy middle-aged man, without a heart, left the house gnashing his teeth. Badly as our military honors are conferred, merit is not always overlooked, even in Great Britain, where money is everything, and the Scottish soldier obtained the promotion he deserved. Jeanie's joy was like a dream of heaven. In a few weeks she gave her hand to Capt. Campbell, of his Majesty's —— regiment of infantry, to whom long years before, she had given her young heart.

MARCH OF INTELLECT. An eminent auctioneer had lately an estate under the hammer, and after enumerating its qualities for agricultural purposes, he added:—"It presents its fertile bosom to the orb of day, and drinks in the solar fire."

"Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day," said an advising mother to her child.

"Well, then, mamma, let us eat the cranberry pie that's in the safe," was the child's precocious reply.

IDLENESS. The elder John Adams has left the following ungallant record on his diary:—"Friday—Saturday—Sunday—Monday—all spent in absolute idleness, or, which is worse, gallanting the girls!"

Sabbath Reading.

AFFLICTIONS.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Let us be patient. These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise;
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

And though at times, impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves, moaning like the ocean
That cannot be at rest;

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We cannot wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors,
Amid these earthly damps;
What seem to us like dim, funereal tapers,
May be Heaven's distant lamps.

There is no death: what seems so is transition.
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
He lives whom we call dead.

RE-UNION IN HEAVEN.

BY WILLIAM LEGGETT.

If yon bright stars which gem the night,
Be each a blissful dwelling sphere,
Where kindred spirits re unite,
Whom death has torn asunder here—
How sweet it were at once to die,
And leave this blighted orb afar,
Mixed soul and soul to cleave the sky,
And soar away from star to star.

But O! how dark, how drear and lone,
Would seem the brightest world of bliss,
If, wandering through each radiant one,
We failed to find the loved of this;
If there no more the ties shall twine,
That Death's cold hand alone could sever,
Ah! then these stars in mockery shine,
More hateful as they shine forever.

It cannot be—each hope—each fear
That lights the eye or clouds the brow,
Proclaims there is a happier sphere,
Than this bleak world that holds us now.
There is a voice which Sorrow hears,
When heaviest weighs life's galling chain,
'Tis Heaven that whispers—dry thy tears,
The pure in heart shall meet again.

"I am never Alone."

An old man sat in his easy chair. He was alone. His eyes were so dim that he could not read the printed page—he had long ceased to hear any common sound, and it was only in broken whispers that he could hold communion with those around; and often hours passed by in which the silence of his thought was not broken by an outward voice. He had outlived his generation; one by one the companions of his boyhood and youth had been laid in the grave, until none remained of all those he had once known and loved. To those to whom the future is one bright path of hope, and happiness, and social love, how unenviable seemed his condition—how cheerless his days!

I have said he was alone. A gentle and thoughtful child stole into the silent room, and twined her arms lovingly around his neck. "I feared you would be lonely, dear grandfather," said she, "and so I came to sit awhile with you. Are you not lonely here, with no one to speak to, or to love?" The old man paused a moment, and laid his hand upon the head of the gentle child. "I am never alone, my child," he said. "How can I be lonely! for God is with me; the Comforter comes from the Father to dwell in my soul, and my Savior is ever near to cheer and instruct me. I sit at his feet, and learn of Him; and though pain and sickness often come to warn me that this earthly house of my tabernacle is soon to be dissolved, I know that there is prepared for me a mansion, the glories of which no tongue can tell, no heart conceive. The love of God is like living water to my soul. Seek in your youth this fountain, my child. Drink deep of its living waters, and then when your hair shall be whitened for the grave, when all sources of earthly enjoyment are taken away, you can say 'I am never alone.'"

Let this testimony of an aged and devoted servant of Christ sink deep into the hearts of every one who reads these lines. Seek while in youth the source of that consolation which can be your joy in sickness, in trial, and in solitude—your stay when all earthly helps have failed. Then will it be your blessed privilege to say, "I, too, am never alone." [Christian Citizen.

The Gospel

This is the word preached; it is neither spent in its descent from Heaven, nor wasted in its transmission through ages—fresh, and beautiful, and holy, as at first; repeated every Sabbath, read in every Bible—the eloquence of many tongues. It is Heaven's jubilee, sounding in the cells of the great prison house. It is the light of eternal day shining through its gratings.—Christ crucified is the commencement, the end, and the coronal of christianity—a truth that endures forever; it is enshrined in glory. Languages change, ceremonies vary, sacraments are temporary; Sabbaths, like little pools, will be swallowed up in the ocean of eternity; prayer will continue only while there are wants, and ministry while there is ignorance; but around this dissolving world, one thing abides—the word of the Lord, that endures forever. Whatever contends against it must be crushed. Infidelity—the word of man, however musical its utterance, will be hushed—its airy frost-work, however glittering in the sunbeams, will be dissolved. The Gospel is divine in its birth, and eternal in its destiny. Christianity denunciates truths that are above the tide mark of time, and rooted in the attributes of God; it cannot be extinguished, for God is its light; it cannot die, for God is its life.

[Saturday Courier.

ASPECT OF DEATH IN CHILDHOOD. Few things appear so very beautiful as a very young child in its shroud. The little innocent face looks so sublimely simple and confiding amongst the cold terrors of death—crimeless, and fearless, that little mortal has passed alone under the shadow, and explored the mystery of dissolution. There is death in its sublimest and purest image—no hatred, no hypocrisy, no suspicion, no care for the morrow ever darkened that little face; death has come lovingly upon it; there is nothing cruel in victory. The yearnings of love, indeed, cannot be stifled, for the prattle, and smiles, and the little world of thoughts, that were so delightful, are gone forever. Awe, too, will overcast us in its presence, for we are looking on death; but we do not fear for the lonely voyager—for the child has gone, simple and trusting, into the presence of its allwise Father, and of such, we know, is the Kingdom of Heaven.

RULING AFFECTIONS. There are two loves, from which, as from their fountains, all goods and truths exist; and there are two loves, from which all evils and falses exist. The two loves, from which all goods and truths exist, are love to the Lord, and love towards the neighbor; and the two loves, from which all evils and falses exist, are the love of self and the love of the world. These two loves are in direct opposition to the former.

JOHN McARTHUR,
No. 1 Market Square, Augusta,

HAS FOR SALE, either at wholesale or retail, 300 bbls. common and extra Genesee Flour, 300 bus. round and flat Yellow Corn; 30 hhds. P. R., Cardenas, Cienfuegos, Muscavado Molasses; 50 chests Son., Orange, Pekoe, Ningyong and Y. H. Teas; 15 boxes Bro. Havana, 10 bbls. E. B. Crushed and Powdered, 5 hhds. P. R., Cuba, and Muscavado Sugar; 20 boxes Tobacco; 15 casks, bbls. and boxes Saleratus; 15 bags Java, P. C., Rio and Cape Coffee; 25 bbls. and boxes burst and ground Coffee; 75 bbls. Clear and Mess Pork; 15 bbls. and halves Leaf Lard; 40 casks and boxes new Raisins; 300 casks Nails; 100 qtls. Cod and Pollock Fish; 200 bags gro. Salt; 600 bus. T. I. and Cadiz Salt; 1500 lbs. best Goshen Cheese; 2000 lbs. Hemp and Manilla Cordage; 15 bbls. Sperm and Whale Refined W. S. Oil; 30 boxes Eng. T. D. Pipes; 10 boxes bro. Soap; 30 boxes Pepper, Spice and Ginger; 100 boxes Window Glass; 5 casks Rice; 100 casks Lime; also, Scull and Boat Oars, Clapboards and Shingles, Oakum, Mackerel, Napes and Fins, Trimmed Fins, Salmon, Smoked and Dried Halibut and Herrings, Rye and Indian Meal, Brooms, Lorillard's Snuff and Tobacco, Cream Tartar and Soda, Starch, together with the best assortment of WOODEN WARE to be found in Augusta, &c. &c. &c., all of which will be sold very low, in exchange for country produce, cash, or approved credit. 6m47

FRANKLIN HOUSE.

THE subscriber would respectfully give notice to his numerous acquaintances and the public generally, that he has taken the FRANKLIN HOUSE, on Water St., (for a term of years,) formerly kept by J. F. PHILBROOK, where he hopes to merit and receive a share of patronage from the traveling community, by prompt attention to their wants.

His STABLES are among the best in this city, and attended by hostlers every way trusty, and who understand their business. In connection with the House is a LIVERY STABLE. JABEZ CHURCHILL.

Augusta, Dec. 2, 1850. 50

PRESERVE YOUR LEATHER,
And Keep Your Feet Dry.

FRANK MILLER'S Leather Preservative And Water Proof Oil Blacking, for sale by DEERING & SEWALL, Wholesale Agents, Augusta.

Nov. 26, 1850. 50tf

FRESH CAMPHENE, just received and for sale by Dec. 10. 50 EBEN FULLER.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

CUSHING & BLACK, Corner of Water Street and Market Square, have received their Stock of WINTER GOODS, and would invite Physicians, Traders, Manufacturers, and the public in general, to examine them before purchasing elsewhere. The following articles may be found among these Goods: Gum Opium, Quinine, Morphine, Sal. Soda, Sup. Carb. Soda, Salt Petre, Sulphur, Castile Soap; Muriatic, Sulphuric, and Nitric Acid; Senna, Pink Root, Cream Tartar, Sponge, Gum Myrrh, Gum Arabic, Gum Tragacanth, Cayenne, Rhubarb Root, Liquorice Root, Camphor, Castor Oil, Olive Oil in bottles and flasks, Oil Bergamot, Oil Lemon, Oil Peppermint, Oil Lavender, Oil Cassia, together with a good assortment of FAMILY GROCERIES, LAMP OILS, PAINTS, &c.

Augusta, Dec. 9, 1850. 50

FRESH GROUND FLOUR.
GARDINER FLOUR MILLS.

THE Proprietors of these Mills have, during the past summer, at great expense, put into operation in their establishment an entire New Apparatus for Cleansing Wheat, which is believed to be superior to any yet invented: (this apparatus is a new invention and at this time in operation in but one other mill in the United States.) The subscriber having received a large part of his fall stock of Prime New Wheat, is now prepared to meet all orders for FAMILY and EXTRA FLOUR, and by the aid of the improvements in the machinery of this mill, feels confident that he can supply his customers with an article a little superior to any heretofore offered in the market. The attention of the public is particularly requested to a lot of Extra Flour, just ground from a cargo of Pure White Genesee Wheat, which it is believed will suit the most fastidious taste.

Also, for sale as above, MIDDLINGS SUPERFINE FLOUR, a prime low priced article, GRAHAM FLOUR, FINE MIDDLINGS, and all kinds of FEED, at very low prices for cash.

Oct. 21, 1850. W. M. VAUGHAN.

N. B. Samples of Family and Extra Flour may be seen at Messrs. LIBBY & Co's, Augusta. 6m43

KENNEBEC, SS.—At a Court of Probate, held at Augusta, within and for the County of Kennebec, on the 24 Monday of December, A. D. 1850.

GEORGE SMITH, Guardian of JOHN ROGERS, of Belgrade, in said County, non compos, having presented his first account of Guardianship of said Ward for allowance:

Ordered, That the said Guardian give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Maine Farmer, printed at Augusta, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, in said County, on 2d Monday of Jan. next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed. D. WILLIAMS, Judge.

A true copy. Attest—WM. R. SMITH, Register. 50

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscribers have been duly appointed Administrators on the estate of JONA. WHITING, late of Winthrop, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and have undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

FRANCIS FULLER,
CHARLES F. WHITING,
Dec. 9, 1850. 50 Administrators.

NOTICE.

THE subscriber has commenced business again at his old stand, WINTHROP VILLAGE, and would invite one and all to call. I would take this opportunity to say to my friends and former customers that I feel grateful for past favors, and hope, by attending strictly and faithfully to business, to again secure their patronage. I intend to do mostly a cash business.

WANTED, a few hundred bushels of Corn, Oats, Beans, &c. CYRUS BISHOP.

Winthrop, Dec. 9, 1850. 50

EXTRA FAMILY FLOUR.—J. H. Beach, J. Field, Hector Falls, Angevine, Baltimore Howard Street, and Harts Mills FLOUR, for sale by

50 JOHN McARTHUR, No. 1 Market Square.

STORE FOR SALE.

THE STORE now occupied by N. H. CAREY, in the pleasant village of WAYNE, is for sale. Said Store is well situated in the Centre of Business, and is conveniently fitted up for a large country trade. Enquire of WM. H. CAREY, on the premises. N. H. CAREY.

Wayne, Oct. 14, 1850. 42tf

MR. JUDD'S NEW WORK.

RICHARD EDNEY and the Governor's Family, a rural urban tale, simple and popular, yet cultured and noble, of morals, sentiment, and life, practically treated and pleasantly illustrated, containing, also, hints on being good and doing good, by the author of "MARGARET," and "PHILO," just received and for sale by EDWARD FENNO. Price $1.25. 48

BOX and CASK RAISINS, GRAPES, CHESNUTS, CRANBERRIES, &c. just received and for sale by Nov. 25. 3m48. GEO. F. COOKE.

SPICES, Saleratus, Soda, Cream Tartar, Pearl Starch, Baker's Cocoa, Rice, &c. &c., just received by Nov. 25. 6m48 GEO. F. COOKE.

CORN, Beans, Oats, Eggs, Butter, Cheese, Poultry and other Produce taken in exchange for Groceries by Nov. 25. 6m48 GEO. F. COOKE.

DOCTOR YOURSELF!
FOR 25 CENTS!!

BY MEANS OF THE POCKET ESCULAPIUS, or, Every one his own Physician! Thirtieth edition, with upwards of a hundred engravings, showing private diseases in every shape and form, and malformations of the generative system,

BY WILLIAM YOUNG, M. D.

The time has now arrived, that persons suffering from secret disease, need no more become the VICTIM OF QUACKERY, as by the prescriptions contained in this book any one may cure himself without hindrance to business, or the knowledge of the most intimate friend, and with one-tenth the usual expense. In addition to the general routine of private disease, it fully explains the cause of manhood's early decline, with observations on marriage—besides many other derangements which it would not be proper to enumerate in the public prints.

☞ Any person sending TWENTY-FIVE CENTS enclosed in a letter, will receive one copy of this book, by mail, or five copies will be sent for one dollar. Address "Dr. W. YOUNG, No. 152 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, Pa." Post Paid.

☞ Dr. YOUNG can be consulted on any of the diseases described in his different publications, at his Offices, 152 Spruce Street, every day, between 9 and 3 o'clock, (Sundays excepted.) 1y46 Nov. 11, 1850.

RETAILING MOLASSES.

100 HHDS. SUPERIOR QUALITY TRINIDAD MOLASSES, suitable for retailing, now in store and for sale by MAGOUN & CLAPP.

Bath, Nov. 14, 1850. 2m47

BUCK WHEAT FLOUR. 10,000lbs. Buck Wheat flour for sale at No. 8, Union Block, by L. B. HAMLEN.

BLAKE'S FIRE PROOF PAINT.

7000 LBS. of this celebrated paint, just received on consignment, and for sale by

Sept. 23. 39 EBEN FULLER.

Washing Raised to a Science

BY using Crane's Compound Washing Mixture or Soap, a new and highly approved article for washing clothes, painted surfaces, &c. &c., just received and for sale by

34 EBEN FULLER.

FLUID—FLUID.

THE great demand for DYER'S WASHING FLUID is proof that it is THE ARTICLE. It is warranted not to harm the fabric, and to be superior to all others ever offered to the public. Sold in Augusta, wholesale and retail, at No. 9 Bridge's

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS

OF THE

CARRIER BOY

OF THE

MAINE FARMER.

January 1st, 1851.

SCENE:—MAINE FARMER OFFICE—*Boss and Jours and any amount of P. D's.—Some composing, some distributing, some wetting paper, some rubbing their eyes and yawning, and Basset shaking the corn popper over a few dying embers. Time—the last minute of the last hour of the last day of the last week of the last month of the last year of the last half century. Enter Old Father Time with his scythe shouldered, his wings weary and drooping, his forelock and whiskers frosty.*

TIME.—Hail! all hail! ye friends and brothers,
Again I greet you with delight;
Weary with my arduous labors,
Fain with you I'd spend the night.

Peace be to you thro' the future—
Happy years attend you all;
Blessings, without stint or measure,
Gently on you ever fall.

For, like me, you ceaseless labor—
Labor hard to serve mankind,
Helping friend and foe and neighbor,
Lest the times they fall behind.

Hence I have a fellow-feeling
For all Printers and their Jours,
Since so similar is our calling
In this busy world of ours.

So I call to say "*how do ye?*"
As I make my usual round,
Glad to find you bright and cheery,
Hale and hearty, "safe and sound."

BASSET.—Hallo! Old Covey! you look the worse for wear,—your wings are getting rusty, and the top of your head is bare; your hour-glass is weather-beaten, your scythe is dull and rusty; the handle of it is "*conkusy*" and your moccasins are musty. Sit down, old gent, and rest yourself, and warm you by our fire—we soon will have it hot enough to make e'en Time perspire; and when I've popped what corn there is within this popper now, I'll give you such a new year's treat as you ne'er had, I swow. Cheer up, Old Dad!—don't scowl your brow, nor look so tarnal cross;—I'm glad to see you here again—I am, by jings, old *hoss*.

TIME.—Indeed, young man, I can't refrain
From giving thanks for such a strain
Of offers kind, tho' mixed they be
With much of Yankee roguery.
Your heart is naturally inclined
To be both generous and kind—
And may, when years have had the effect
To teach you lessons of respect
For age—make of you quite a man,
So don't by folly mar the plan
Of Nature, who has given mind
To be both strengthened and refined
By daily culture, study, care,
Of what all social laws require.

BASSET.—Indeed, old friend, you reason well, I like your good advice; and for your pay, here take this corn so nicely popped, and eat it in a trice,—for if you don't, I'll tell you now, no knowing where 'twill be—for Jim, and Bill, and all the hands will spirit it away. And now, good sir, pray don't be vexed,—I've one small boon to ask—that is, for the remainder of my life, you'd give me an easy task, and spin my life as long's you can, nor hurry me away, so long as I shall wish to remain and act my part in the play.

TIME.—Alas! rude boy, to ask the same
That all mankind would gladly claim:
No trials here—no care—no grave—
Such life as angels only have.

'Tis not in power of Time to give
Such precious boon; for all who live
And move about this goodly earth
Are, from their very hour of birth,
Doomed to the common fate of men—
"To dust thou shalt return again."

And yet no hardship this, if seen
In its true light—for deep within
This mortal form we prize so high,
Th' immortal soul doth snugly lie,
Which, by this very death we dread,
From all encumbrances is freed—
And, like the Dove in yonder sky,
Soars to its kindred souls on high.

My duty is to bring, each year,
Millions from this terrestrial sphere
To higher—brighter—happier scenes,
And there my friendly mission ends.
But, come—I must not tarry here—
Is that old rhyming mill in gear?
Just touch it, wheelman—turn it true,
And, Basset, first a song from you.

FOREMAN.—All right—Bill, put the index down to the Rinctum Rowdy—turn away, wheelman,—now for Basset's song.

BASSET.—Stop two-thirds of a spell, will yer. I han't got no song, no how—only a spasm or so. A-hem, now for it.

Basset's Song.

Oh come, kind folks, thro' all the world,
And listen to this charmer:
If news you'd have, hear my advice,
And go and take the Farmer.
CHORUS—Why don't you take the Farmer,
You ought to take the Farmer;
If the news you'd have, hear my advice
And go and take the Farmer.

And if you have a sweetheart dear,
And like right well to charm her,
You cannot better do the thing
Than send her the Maine Farmer.
Why don't you take the Farmer, &c.

For if she be a girl of sense,
I'm sure 'twill not alarm her,
If you should send her, once a week,
A copy of the Farmer.
Why don't you take the Farmer, &c.

But if she be in-im-i-cal,
Nought would so quick disarm her
As to let her see the mad-*ury*-gals
What's published in the Farmer.
Why don't you take the Farmer, &c.

There, chaps, you can't beat that, any how. Wish you a happy new year;—whoop!

[*Exit Basset, down stairs, three at a leap!*]

FOREMAN.—Hold on, wheelman. Come Bill, now for the Address. Push the index up to the anacreontic—put a little lard oil on the main shaft, and tighten the broad belt a little.

BILL.—Aye, aye sir—all ready—go ahead with your *nag* on tick—it's the way Printers have to go, now-a-days.

FOREMAN.—Turn away, wheelman,—pull steady, now.

Carrier's Address.

"See what horrid tempests rise,
And contract the clouded skies:
Snows and showers fill the air,
And bring down the atmosphere.

Hark! what tempests fill the floods!
How they shake the rattling woods!
Let us, while it's in our power,
Let us seize the fleeting hour;
While our cheeks are fresh and gay,
Let us drive old age away;
Let us smooth its gathered brows,
Youth its hour of mirth allows."

Thus once sang an ancient bard,
And it seems as if we heard
Him warbling forth his measures now,
Mid the furious storms of snow,
That, of late, the chilly North
Hath so copiously sent forth,
Covering, with its fleecy pall,
Lowly copse and forest tall;
And, although no meadows green
Can on either side be seen;
Though neither bleating flocks nor bird
O'er mead or landscape now is heard,
Nor summer's breeze, nor zephyr's sigh,
Nor insects that at twilight fly,
Yet, ever restless, busy man,
Still "draws the rein" and drives the van,
And pushes on his generous steed
O'er the smooth course, with railroad speed.
Bright crystals sparkle in the air,
Glittering like diamonds fair;
And the bells, on every hand,
Are ringing gaily o'er the land,
While from every mouth you hear,
"I wish you all a happy year."
With this joyous, happy throng,
Lo the CARRIER comes along:
Oh, bid him welcome! well you know,
Throughout the year, blow high or low,
He to your door the news hath brought,
By which the very things you sought
To learn, were there most clearly shown,
And very many things made known,
By which, as in a bird's-eye view,
The world was easily seen through.
In news from far, and news at home,
Whether by steam or wire it come,
He's tried to keep you posted up,
Nor suffered any thing to drop,
By loss of which you'd fail to know
How times, and trades, and bargains go,
From California's golden sands
To Russia's far more distant lands.
He's given you, too, in many a page,
'Bout what your Congress men engage—
How 'lections go—the price of cattle—
How many die, when e'er a battle
Is fought by nations, or their fools
Who, in such strifes, are willing tools.
He's told you, too, how crops come in,
And who so lucky as to win
The prize at Cattle Show and Fair,
For stock or manufactures rare.

Nor is this all,—essays we have,
Religious—moral—lively—grave;
And many a farmer here explains
How he has made his loss and gains.

In short, dear sirs, we cannot tell
One half the good things that we sell,
So here we stop with many a prayer
For happiness, the coming year,
On all our PATRONS—far or near.

1851. HAPPY NEW YEAR. 1851.